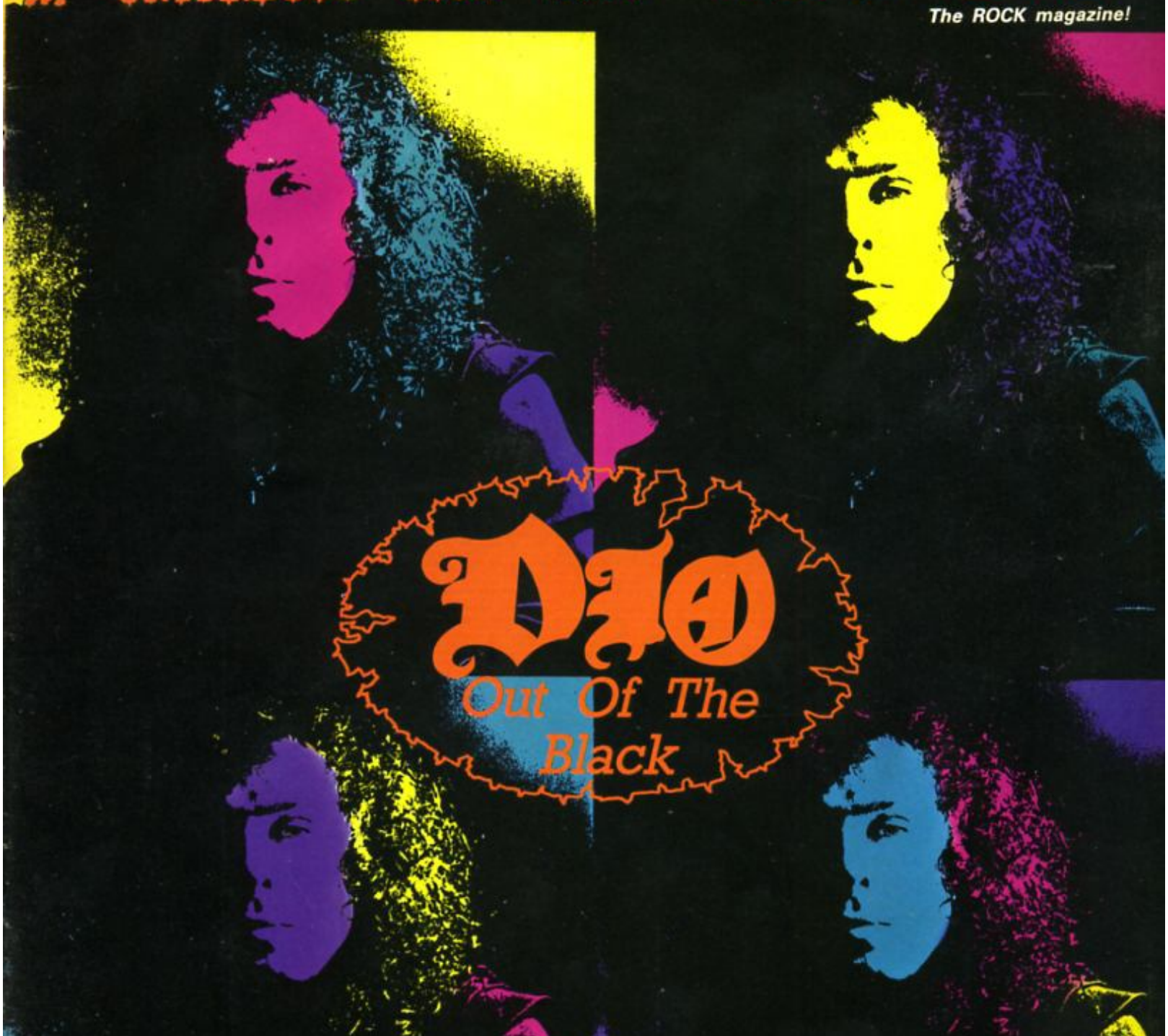
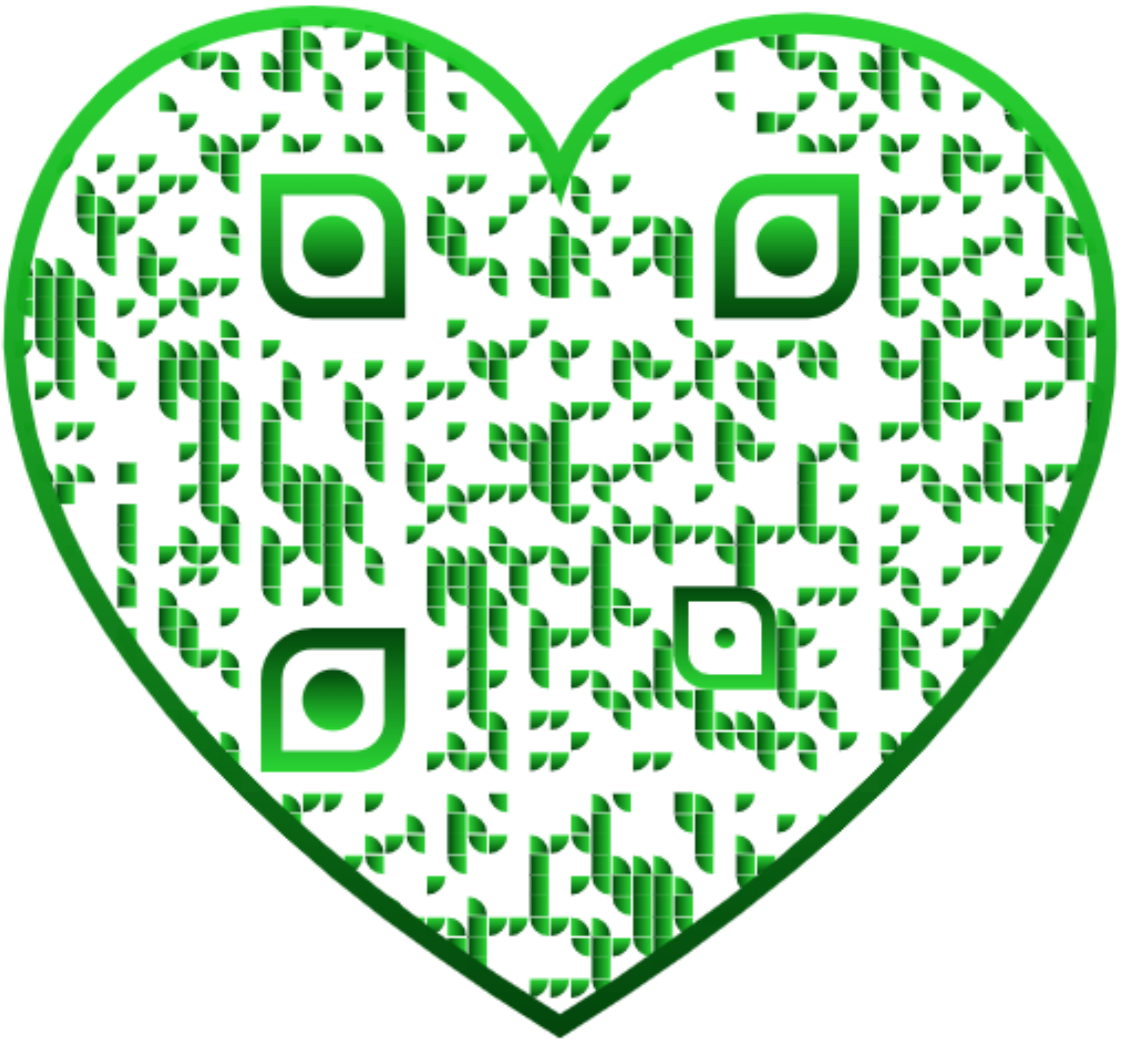
June 17-30 No 44 60p

# KERRANG!

The ROCK magazine!




● Rush ● Tubes ● Lee Aaron ● UFO ●
● Billy Squier ● Grand Prix ● John Bonham ●



# MAYHEM!

■THE FULL bill for this year's **Castle Donington 'Monsters Of Rock' Festival** (to be held on August 20) has now been finalised. Aside from headliners **Whitesnake** and special guest **Meat Loaf**, the line-up will feature Texan trio **ZZ Top, Twisted Sister, Dio** and **Diamond Head**. Compere for the occasion will once again be Radio One DJ **Tommy Vance**.

■**PRETTY WIKKYD'S** single 'Black Of The Night', given such a rave review by Chris Welch in issue 42, is apparently not available in the shops. So, anyone who wishes to purchase this much-recommended slab of wax should send £1.30 (this is inclusive of postage and packaging) to: 90 Hinckley Rd, Barwell, Leicestershire LE9 8DJ.

■IT SEEMS that drummer **Phil Rudd** has left **AC/DC**. But no word has been received on either the reason for his departure or his replacement.

■DESPITE RUMOURS concerning the appearance of both **Manowar's Ross The Boss** and **Betsy** of **Bitch** on the soon-due **Virgin Steele** platter 'Guardians Of The Flame', it seems that neither will now be present in the grooves. Steele guitarist **Jack Starr** recently informed us that, although plans were afoot for both to make guest appearances, time limitations eventually ruled these collaborations out as impractical. However, it is hoped that something of this nature will occur in time for the next Virgin Steele album.

■WHAT'S THIS that we hear about our own lovable Howard Johnson being given a public oral flagellation by those titans of tartiness, **Wrathchild**? Seems that our intrepid scandal-monger was enjoying a quiet night out with friends at a recent Wraths gig in Birmingham, when he was spotted in the less-than-mega audience by **Rocky** 'motor mouth' **Shades**.

And, being a mite miffed at uncomplimentary reference to his platforms in a recent Johnsonian review, he commenced to villify our trusty hero, going so far as to suggest that he's been 'jerking off over **Lita Ford** albums', that it was 'Howard's fault that the PA blew up', and how 'a twist of the knife' would be all it would take to rectify matters. All a little ridiculous, when you consider that the review in question was mostly favourable, and that 'twas Howie The Lad who gave Wrathchild their first-ever feature!

■*FOR **Gillian Prowse** and **Rachel Keen**, the recent show by **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** at the Newcastle City Hall was a wish come true. A year ago the girls, great fans of Roth, sent him a petition containing over 1,000 signatures imploring him to play live in Newcastle. And a few weeks ago, their rock 'n' roll dream came through as the Electric Sun-master played one gig in the city as part of his recent UK tour.*

*Gillian (right) and Rachel are pictured above with their Germanic hero.*

■A NEW specialist Heavy Metal label has been formed in Belgium. Called **Mausoleum**, its first batch of releases include the new LP from **Witchfynde**, 'Cloak & Dagger', plus the debut album from **Wildfire**, entitled 'Brute Force & Ignorance', and featuring ex-**More** frontman **Paul Mario Day**.

The label has also snapped up Belgian power-trio **Killer**, and hope to have new product from them available by the summer. In the meantime, both of Killer's previous platters, 'Ready For Hell'/'Wall Of Sound', have now been re-issued through Mausoleum. Let's hope this doesn't sound the death-knell (groan!) for 'em!

■FOLLOWING RECENT comments by Canadian trio **Exciter** concerning their non-appearance on the Rock 'N' Roll Heaven bill featuring **Venom** and **Metallica** in New York during May, the promoter of said shindig, **Johnny Z**, has now given his version of events.

According to Mr Z, Exciter's removal from the bill WASN'T his decision. Rather it came from the owners of the venue, the Paramount Theatre. "They felt the expenses were so high that a three-band package wasn't financially viable. So, since they had never heard of Exciter, I was told I had to fire 'em! But, because I've a very high regard for the band, I didn't have the heart to tell 'em they weren't wanted. So, I told the guys their appearance had been switched from this particular show to one with **Bow Wow** later on in the year."

As things turned out, though, it looks as if Exciter's non-appearance was a blessing in disguise – for them. Venom apparently had nothing but a barrow-load of trouble from their two gigs (obviously some unkindly sprite decided to cause 'em several nasty moments!)

On the first night at the Paramount, the band did pull about 2,300 punters but their entire back-line and pyro-board blew out.

■*WHILST THE leaders of the industrial world were meeting in Williamsburg, some of the premier figures in the Metal industry were holding a summit of their own at Leeds Queens Hall. Pictured above are assorted 'Ministers Of Excess' from the UK, USA and Canada:*

*Back row (left to right): **Lips** (Anvil), **Mark** 'The Animal' **Mendoza, Jay Jay French, Eddie Ojeda** and **AJ Pero** (Twisted Sister).*

*Front row (left to right): **Kim McAuliffe, Gil Weston, Kelly Johnson** (Girlschool), **Dee Snider** (Twisted Sister) and **Denise Dufort** (Girlschool). Pic by Ray Palmer.*

which meant that for quite a period of time **Cronos** couldn't use his bass.

The second night saw considerably less punters turn up, and the band actually managed to blow a hole in the stage, simply because the place didn't have enough power facilities to take the full Venom show. As a result, the band have now been billed by the Paramount for the replacement of the whole stage – despite the hole being no more than two foot square!

But that's not all, folks. The trio made a personal appearance at the **Zig Zag** record store whilst in New York, attracting about 300 fans. They also had to have security guard protection because of a death threat (written in blood) sent to Cronos by a group of religious fanatics! Sounds like a fun time was had by all. And the band, obviously warming to such mayhemic goings-on, intend to return to the US sometime in October.

They won't, however, be appearing at the Paramount again. For, following Venom's lusty shows, the venue owners informed Johnny Z they were no longer prepared to put on HM gigs, ostensibly because of the expense involved. Thus, a distraught Johnny had to pull the planned Exciter/Bow Wow show plus all future plans. And, the upshot of all this is that the Rock 'N' Roll Heaven organisation as live promoters is dead and buried, save for one last special show aboard a ship!

In future, Johnny Z intends to concentrate on developing his recently formed record label **Megaforce**. The first vinyl offering from him will be the debut Metallica album, 'No Life Till Leather', which has just been completed (it will be issued in the UK through **Music For Nations**). And the man is presently negotiating with Japanese combo **Loudness**, with a view to a long-term deal. MALCOLM DOME

■**TWISTED SISTER** have plans afoot to make a typically OTT video to go with their current single, 'The Kids Are Back'. It's based around a 'Welcome Home Son' party being planned by an everyday, civilised family in their rather plush abode. Naturally, les Sister in full make-up appear on the scene and proceed to smash up the place. However, the twist (geddit?) is that the 'Son' being welcomed home turns out to be none other than ... **Dee Snider!**

■AT LAST the truth is out concerning the goings-on in the **Scorpions** camp. Apparently, both **Jimmy Bain** AND **Bobby Rondinelli** are playing on the new Scorps platter, at present being recorded in Stockholm, the former contributing not only bass-lines but also keyboard parts and backing vocals. And it now seems possible that Rondinelli will replace **Herman Rarebell** on a permanent basis.

The latter was given about nine weeks prior to the start of recording to 'get himself together', but patently failed to do so, and thus finds himself coming up against a 'close encounter of the sack kind'.

And regular bassist **Francis Buccholtz** may be on the way out, too as the rumour that Bain was drafted in because he had a broken arm is, in fact, untrue. However, it seems unlikely that Bain will leave **Dio** and join the Scorpions.

■*THE SORRY saga of* ***Rock Goddess*** *continues apace. In the wake of* ***Tracy Lamb's*** *decision to quit the band, the latest news is that guitarist* ***Kat Burbella*** *(who only recently joined Goddess) has now left due to 'image differences'.*

*The upshot is that Tracy (above left) and Kat have now teamed up to form a new band. At present they're busy writing about ten songs for a forthcoming demo (said to be in a melodic HM vein), and they hope to gig in the near future. As yet, this new combo doesn't possess a name (although Mistress seems to be a strong possibility), and the rest of the line-up has yet to be confirmed. However, it will probably be an all-girl set-up completed by a drummer, lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist.*

■LONDON-BASED outfit **LA Hooker** are on the look-out for a new bass player and vocalist. Any budding **Ian Gillans** or **Geddy Lees** should ring Ron Neary on 01-691 7963.

■**SAPPHIRE** HAVE recently had a change in line-up. Apparently vocalist **David Drew**, described by the band as "a pain in the arse" (well, it makes a change from 'musical differences') has now left to be replaced by one **Ben Morris**. This new-look combo have just completed work on a new tape, which they intend to release on July 1.

■**DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS** are presently in the studio, recording tracks for their debut album, due out in early autumn. And their 'Box Hill Or Bust' ditty is to be included on a new compilation album from **Abstract Records** (due out in July). Called 'The Beerdrop Explodes', it's said to feature 'contemporary pub rock'.

■**SOLDIER** HAVE now joined forces with former **Gaskin** bassist **Mark McKenzie**, who has taken over from **Steve Barlow**. However, the Northampton outfit are still on the look-out for a new lead vocalist. All enquiries on this matter should be directed to Nick Bicknell at 0604 33059.

■**ENGLISH ROGUES** have replaced founder-member guitarist **Alex Dee** (who quit the band due to outside business commitments) with 21-year-old **Joe Warren**, formerly with Irish combo **Stryder**. Dee, though, isn't to completely sever his Rogues link, and will continue writing material with bassist **Gerry Sherwin**.

■MANCUNIAN GLAMLETS **Rox** have signed a three-year deal with **Music For Nations**, apparently in the face of heavy competition from a number of major labels. Expect an announcement on forthcoming vinyl product soon.

■*PICTURED ENJOYING a quick 'brew' in the salubrious offices of London's Marquee Club is the new* ***Marillion*** *line-up. The newest member, drummer* ***Andy Ward*** *(formerly with Camel), is second from the left, the one obviously wondering what the heck he's let himself in for!*

*In the meantime, the band have just released a new single,* ***'Garden Party'*** *(with a previously unissued live track in* ***'Margaret'*** *on the flip), which will be the final waxing featuring former drummer* ***Mick Pointer.*** *This will be available in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter containing an extra live cut in* ***'Charting The Single'.***

■IN READINESS for their brace of Marquee re-union dates, the **Yardbirds** played a surprise warm-up gig in Barcelona during mid-May – supporting, ironically, their very first guitarist **Eric Clapton**. Only drummer **Jim McCarty** and rhythm guitarist **Chris Dreja** from the original Yardbirds appeared however. The remainder of the band included former **Illusion** guitarist **John Knightsbridge** (Illusion, of course, was the early Seventies folk-rock outfit that also featured McCarty and the late Yardbirds vocalist **Keith Relf**), and session bassist **John Allenson**.

The band's set included such old faves as 'For Your Love' and 'The Shapes Of Things', as well as a veritable barrage of old blues/r 'n' b classics. Sadly, though, 'Slowhand' Clapton didn't make an appearance onstage to jam with the boys.

■**HADES,** THE American band given a penmanship pasting by Dave Dickson in his singles kolumn some time back, are going back into the studio to record a new single (cue groans of anguish from the micro-bozo). This apparently will include 'Axes Speak Louder Than Words' plus 'Rogues March'.

On the personnel front, the band have now added a new bassist in one **Lou Ciarlo** to their line-up. It's the sort of news to make 'Stack-heel' Dickson go weak at the ankles in breathless anticipation!

■TALK ABOUT 'crash, bang, wallop', squire! Well-known man-about-the-bottle, **Ace Frehley**, was recently arrested in White Plains, New York, after one of the craziest scenes of mayhemorrie in recent times.

It seems that Ace, whilst out driving his Delorean sports car, was involved in a fender-bender (bumping the car in front of him) at a set of traffic lights. However, our intrepid hero didn't hang around to exchange pleasantries with the irate victim of his erratic driving. For, as soon as the local cops showed up, he sped back into his car, took off at 90 MPH, and headed down the WRONG side of the highway, hitting three more cars along the way.

A clean getaway? Not quite. For, Ace hit a build-up of traffic caused by an accident NOT due to his own recklessness, and was forced to turn round and head back the way he originally came. And, thus, with the police in hot pursuit, he pulled up suddenly, got out, dusted himself down, walked into a nearby florist shop ... and was promptly arrested!

# SPIRIT OF PEART

**By Dave Dickson.**

## Part One of a major interview with Neil Peart of Rush.

WHEN the great juggernaut that today is Rush comes rolling into town everyone sits up and takes notice. Not least we at *Kerrang!*

Rush are reputedly notoriously awkward people to interview, the pitfalls are numerous and potentially disastrous; apparently they think nothing of simply getting up and quitting an interview if they should happen to take offence. The watch-word here was 'caution'.

It was drummer Neil Peart who'd drawn the short straw and thereby became my target for the post-Birmingham NEC gig confrontation. My head was feeling numb from the long drive down . . . I couldn't have felt less like doing an interview. As it turned out I had very little to do in the course of our one-and-a-half hour discussion except nod and throw in the occasional question.

Peart, you see, is a man with an awful lot to say. He has a sharp mind, even if at times he fails to notice that his perception may no longer be based at quite the same grass-roots level he would prefer.

No matter how much he shies away from the term he has become a 'star' and that necesssarily alters your ability to view the world from the same perspective as perhaps you could before. Whatever, whether you agree with him or not, whether you even happen to like Rush or not, his opinions are, for the most part, valid, intriguing and certainly nothing less than entertaining.

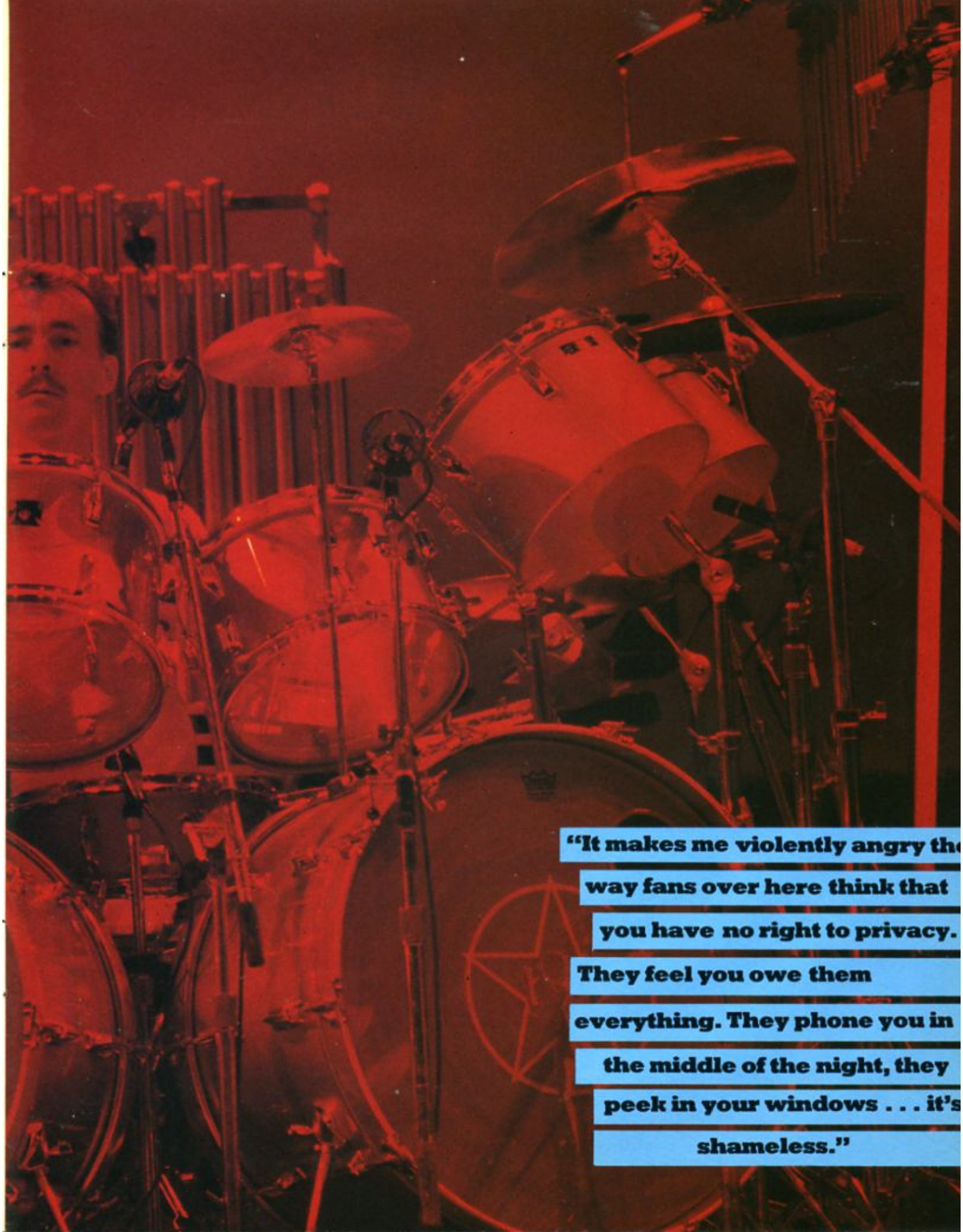
What follows, both in this issue and the next, is a largely unedited transcript of the interview which took place in a small room backstage, furnished only by two chairs, a table and an ashtray. Outside a queue was forming of eager young autograph hunters.

*It was an impressive gig but I thought the drum sound was a bit flat.*

"It's the building, yeah, it's very dead and it's very frustrating for me because I'm used to certain amount of liveliness coming back off them which feeds me, especially in the top-hat. There's something about this building that soaks up the high-end. It's probably better in the overall sound sense for everyone else for

***continues on page 6***

**pic by Ross Halfin**


"It makes me violently angry th
way fans over here think that
you have no right to privacy.
They feel you owe them
everything. They phone you in
the middle of the night, they
peek in your windows . . . it's
shameless."

**From page 4**

greater fidelity, but for a drummer . . . Tonight was probably really nice for the overall sound but for drums it was a little bit stilted."

*How did it sound to you onstage?*
"It's hard to describe, it's such a subjective thing . . . just that what I was putting into them wasn't coming back."

*I imagine you were hitting them fairly hard.*
"Oh, I do that anyway and usually I expect a return on that investment, ha!"

*How do you react to this sort of interview situation? Does it become like a production line?*
"Ah, no because we do them out of choice, or at least I do. Interviews, for me, I enjoy doing them so I choose *when* to do them – I like doing them after the show because I'm relaxed and the work of the day is done – and often I find it's a really good way to air your ideas. You get to talk about things you wouldn't ordinarily verbalise, about the band, about your playing or about yourself, and it's very helpful a lot of times. I'll think back on things that I've discussed during an interview and go: 'Oh yeah, that's right!' or 'Oh no, that's wrong!' and it's things under normal circumstances that you wouldn't talk about with your friends, you wouldn't cover those things in normal conversation. So being put on the spot and being forced to articulate things that are sometimes intangible, sometimes difficult to put into words, is a good challenge . . . and I like the sound of my own voice! Ha! It's kind of nice because in normal conversation, as in everything else, I tend to be a bit reserved and I'd rather listen than talk. In an interview it becomes incumbent on me to be the talker.

"I wouldn't do more than one a day and I'll never answer the same question the same way twice; and if I get asked the same question too many times I just have to refuse to answer it, and if it seems rude or arrogant I'm sorry. It's the same thing with us with the old songs. If they get tired to the point where we can't play them with any sincereity anymore then I think the only moral thing to do is stop playing them.

"And it's the same when I get a question like: How did you get together? or: How did you start playing drums? I just say I'm sorry, I do not wish to answer that question anymore because I'd have to give an answer that I've given a hundred times before, and it would be insincere."

*So do you think Rush have now reached a stage where they no longer need the press?*
"The press! Who needs the press? Again it's a thing you don't want to be arrogant about but the press in Britain has the same attitude that radio has in America where they think they rule the world, and personally I don't think that's so.

"Over here it's so incestuous because that's all there is. In America in some ways, in spite of the corruption that exists in radio and the fact that it's so formulated and so almost computerised now to find the lowest common denominator, here the press is slightly the opposite where they don't aim for the average but at the same time it becomes so incestuous where they have to build up 'the next big thing' this week and slag if off the next week because anything that anybody else knows about isn't 'hip' anymore; something that writers only know about, oh, that's really hip, and they can tout it all they want, but as soon as the public becomes aware of it then a certain segment of critics feel obliged to slag it off.

"I was thinking today that a lot of writers know far more about writing than they do about music. We've had so many multi-syllable words applied to us in the past, both in a neagative and a positive sense, which appeals to me from my appreciation of words, but I realise it really has nothing to do with appreciation of music. "I don't really understand what makes a person want to be critic, except in the obvious ways where people are bitter if they're a frustrated musician, for instance. That's a bit of a cliché but on the other hand there are a great deal of music writers around the world who *are* frustrated musicians and in that case they just have to get the chance to get their bitterness off their chests and feel superior because they can say in print that somebody else isn't as good as they should be.

"I don't know, it's something I have mixed feelings about. When I lived in England I used to read all the music papers every week and devour it all wanting to know things as a musician and as a music fan. But when you get on the other end of the stick it doesn't seem so interesting."

**"There are an awful lot of people, more than you realise, who only like our last two albums and hate everything we've done before . . . even I hate 'Cygnus X-1'"**

*Do you still regard yourself as a fan?*
"Absolutely."

*How do you see your rôle in this situation as a spokesman for Rush? What do you feel you have to communicate?*
"What I think. That seems maybe a bit facile but it's communication I guess. But I can do that in other ways; I try hard to communicate with our fans directly through the programmes, and I write all our press releases and so on. To me, apart from our music which is so obviously the most direct communication possible to the people that receive it, I like people to know the truth, consequently I do it myself because then I know it's going to be right. To me that's more important than anything. I don't think I'm performing a service for anyone except to tell the truth, especially over here where the press is *over*-active, really, for the amount . . . there isn't something interesting happening in the music world every week, let's face it, things don't happen that fast. So I can't give it too much credit, I just enjoy doing it.

"There's times when I've talked with other people and had very successful interviews and, for the sake of sensationalism, they'll twist around everything that I've said and try to make it more 'newsworthy' than it was meant to be, so . . ."

*Are your thinking of the NME's 'Threat to our Nation's youth – Rush are fascists!' thing?*
"Ah, it's happened a lot of other times. Again, that's a very insular way of looking at it because you're thinking only of Britain. The world is much bigger than England is, much as the English people don't appreciate that. But it happens enough times that it makes you a little bit hesitant. But at the same time, like I said before, I like to shoot my mouth off! It's my own fault, I don't blame anyone else for it, you just say what you think and hope that you're dealing with someone who's objective and honest enough to present it that way."

*Do you think you can still say that, as big as Rush are now, you still have that communication with the fans?*
"As much as you ever do with a stranger. As much as our fans think they know all about us, know who we are and everything, they don't and never have."

*Well, do you know who your fans are?*
"No, of course not! How can you know two million people?! We have two million fans, two million individual people with individual lives who have grown up in different places in the world in different ways . . . No, I certainly don't. I have a sense of our ideal fan, the person that I think we have in mind when we do things, and certainly we have a conscientious attitude towards that, but I don't think the majority of our fans, or if in fact *any* human being, could fit into our concept of the ideal person who understands everything that we do and why.

"That's who we work for but it's an idealisation that just gives us a point of objectivity where we can stand back and say: 'OK, if we were a fan of this band what would we like them to do?' But if we tried to rule ourselves by what the fans want that would be just as absurd as trying to rule ourselves by what the record company wants or what the radio stations want.

"It's all an artificial lowest common denominator. If you think that we have to please the fans that like Iron Maiden and Saxon and AC/DC – I know I have nothing in common with those people, so I can't possibly hope to be able to relate to them on their level unless I play down or unless I talk down or think down, basically. So you just have to do what you feel is right and hope people respond to it, which has been the guiding philosophy for us all along."

*In rock 'n' roll circles would you consider yourself an intellectual?*
"Ha! No, in any circle I wouldn't consider myself so. No, not at all, I'm just curious. For me, it's all curiosity and it's pride. I'm curious about things and I feel ignorant if I don't know things, so I force myself to learn. I'm curious enough to want to think about things, so it pushes me.

"Being an intellectual certainly doesn't allow you to lead a better life, so I don't see that as necessarily an ideal. I think that being rational is very good, but being passionate's very good too and I don't feel the need to choose between the two.If I have to choose I'll take both because I think both are good.

"'Intellectual' is an ugly word, let's face it, unless you're a particularly dried-up stick of a person you wouldn't like being called an intellectual, and it's not an epitaph I would choose for myself."

*It seems to me that back in, say, '77 or '78 you could have been labelled the archetypal Science Fiction/Fantasy rock group. And then* along came 'Hemispheres' in which, to me anyway, it looked like you'd over-reached *yourselves and were treading water, then came 'Permanent Waves' and you'd changed direction completely to the extent that there was almost no connection between the two. Did*

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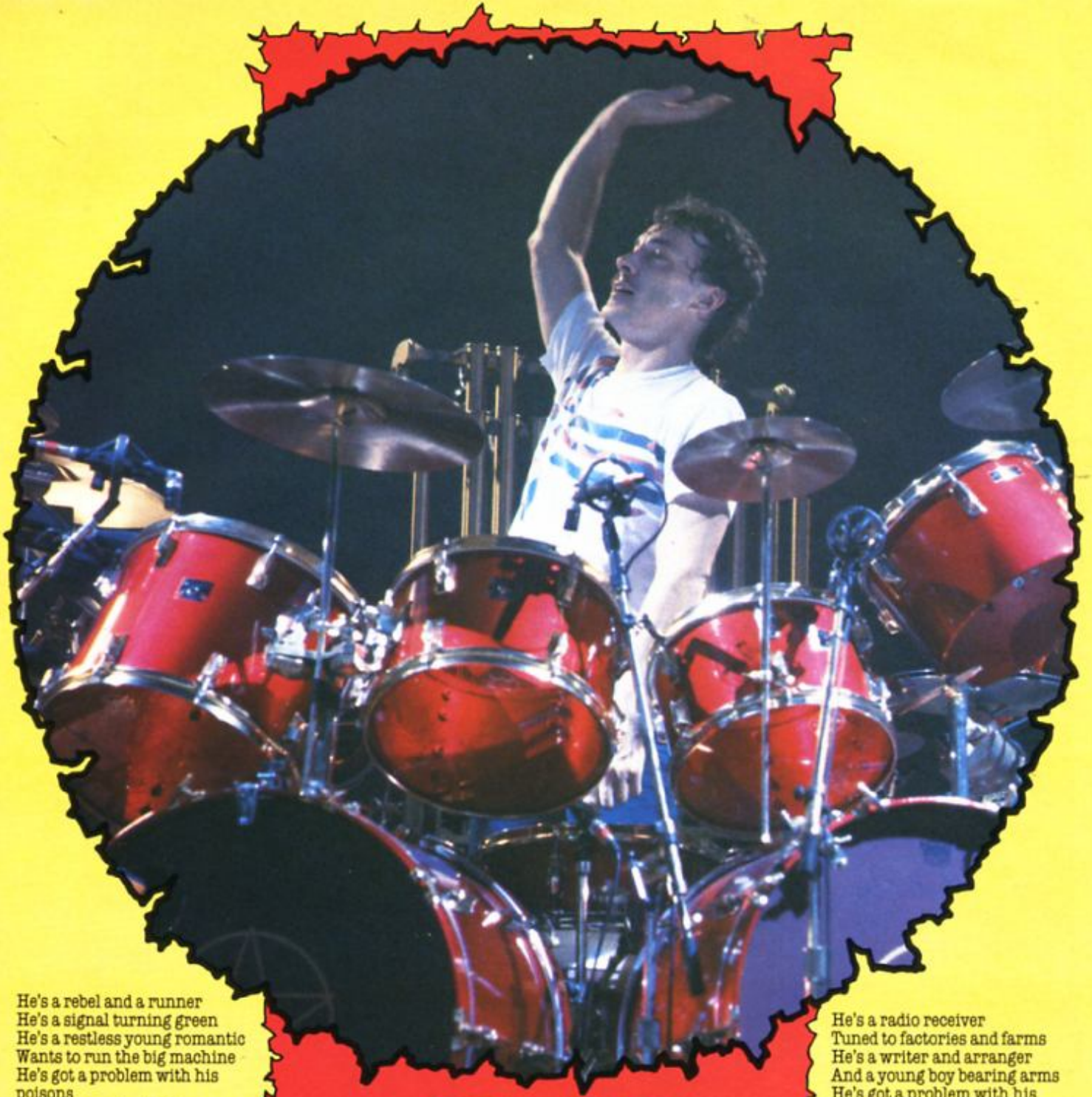


Pic by: Bob Ellis

# NEW WORLD MAN

Lyrics by Peart
Music by Lee and Lifeson
© Heath Levy Music Co. Ltd.

He's a rebel and a runner
He's a signal turning green
He's a restless young romantic
Wants to run the big machine
He's got a problem with his poisons
But you know he'll find a cure
He's cleaning up his systems
To keep his nature pure
Learning to match the beat of the Old World man
Learing to catch the heat of the Third World man
He's got to make his own mistakes
And learn to mend the mess he makes
He's old enough to know what's right
But young enough not to choose it
He's noble enough to win the world
But weak enough to lose it –
He's a New World man ...

He's a radio receiver
Tuned to factories and farms
He's a writer and arranger
And a young boy bearing arms
He's got a problem with his power
With weapons on patrol
He' got to walk a fine line
And keep his self-control
Trying to save the day for the Old World man
Trying to pave the way for the Third World man
He's not concerned with yesterday
He knows constant change is here today
He's noble enough to know what's right
But weak enough not choose it
He's wise enough to win the world
But fool enough to lose it –
He's a New World man ...

**From page 6**

*you find that once you'd finished 'Hemispheres' that perhaps you were no longer communicating the way you wanted to?*

"No, actually I don't share the general opinion of that album. Well, it isn't general, actually; again, I was saying about the division of our fans. There's people that only like the first couple of albums and hate everything we've done since; there's people that only like the middle period that hate where we started from and hate where we are now; and there are an awful lot of people, more than people realise, who only like the last two albums and hate everything we've done before. So all these stages are necessary.

"Personally 'Hemispheres' was a very difficult album for us to make, but in spite of that I still really like it a lot and respect it a lot. It took a lot out of us to make that album and I can understand why some people wouldn't like it, but for me, from an outside point of view, if I were a fan, I think I would really like that album."

*Well, as a fan, I found the sequel to 'Cygnus X–1' a great anti-climax.*

"Fine, that's OK, I don't care. Ha! You have to take chances, you never know how it's going to turn out. 'Signals' was the same way, it was a transitional album, we established certain directions that we wanted to explore, some of them were successful and some of them were not. But if we hadn't taken those chances we would be just like any other formula band, which your magazine and others are full of – people who have decided what will sell and they do it. Personally, I'd rather be wrong than be average or be calculated.

"To me, I hate 'Cygnus X–1', I like 'Hemispheres' but I think 'Cygnus X–1' is . . . terrible! Ha! So it's very much a matter of taste. Sometimes, at a distance, when things are old enough that we've done, I can see them clearly and I know how successful they were or what we wanted to do and how much I would enjoy them if I wasn't in the band, if I were a fan of Rush. I know what we've done that I would like and what I wouldn't."

*What you appeared to be striving for after 'Hemispheres', at least from a lyrical point of view, was something more direct and economical.*

"I wasn't consciously at the time, actually. I only became aware of that with 'Permanent Waves', that I was changing. A lot of times you don't realise it as it's happening and there was a change definitely, you're right, in the sense that through 'Farewell to Kings' and into 'Hemispheres' there was a change going on, lyrically, but I wasn't yet aware of it. It was when 'Permanent Waves' came along that I started to understand what I was doing and why."

*Certainly I don't listen to the early stuff so much these days. It was 'Signals', really, that brought me back into the fold since I'd drifted out of the habit of listening to Rush.*

"Yeah, well that's good. And then there's people who've been there all along but hate 'Signals', what can you say? I think it's an album that has its flaws, certainly, as everyone that we've made does, but I certainly like the fact that we took the chances and I think the next album will benefit from that in the same way that 'Moving Pictures' benefitted from the schizophrenia of 'Permanent Waves' and 'Hemispheres'. I don't think we could have made 'Moving Pictutes', which to me is one of the most musically successful and coherent, cohesive albums that we've ever made, and I know that, that album could not exist without the weirdness of 'Permanent Waves' and the darkness that 'Hemispheres' has, and that is a very dark album.

**"I love cross-country skiing, I love sailing, I love looking at the sky, I like lying on the grass"**

"And there's a lot of our fans who don't have a taste for the frivolity we got into with 'Signals' so they don't like that. How can you possibly cater to that or how can you posssibly analyse that? You can't, you just have to say that's too bad. Those people feel cheated, they feel . . . I don't know, it doesn't make any sense but they feel we're selling out because we're doing something different, when in fact, if they look at who sells out, it's because they do the same thing for five albums in a row, that's what selling out is. But when you're young you don't have the perception or the understanding or the values to be able to draw upon to make a rational decision."

*There's probably a lot of kids out there who look on you as some sort of guru, does that worry you?*

"It's not my fault, ha! Again, I'm in no control of a thing like that so it makes me very embarrassed. I can't say that I like it, I don't but it's not something I can do anything about."

*There's a certain prevailing attitude that rock music is trivial and meaningless but I came up with a phase the other day to counter that argument and give some weight and justification to my profession, and that was that I am creating the mythology of my age – in the sense that the gods and heroes of today are all pop-stars.*

"Well, for the people that need it, I guess. I think it's pathetic, it's something that's indigenous to England, too. It doesn't exist in America, and I'm very glad that it doesn't, because life is bigger there. From an objective point of view, again I'm not American, I spend a lot of time defending America because people don't understand it, they've never been there, they don't know anything about it but they feel compelled to condemn it, that is something that is indigenous to England because life is such a narrow thing here that people attach too much importance to trivial things.

"The condemnation of music as being trivial, well, it's not trivial to me, it's been my whole life and I've given it everything I've ever had and sacrificed a lot to be a musician and get as good as I could be. But at the same time it makes me uncomfortable to see the way that it's looked at over here by kids; the fact that the biggest thing in their lives is when their favourite band doesn't come to town, and their whole lives revolve around such small things. It's pathetic really because life *is* so much bigger than that. Music is wonderful and it has been the focus of my life but I like a lot of other stuff too."

*But doesn't that put a daunting responsibility on your shoulders?*

"No! Because I don't accept it. I didn't ask for it, I don't work for it, it happens to be a sociological condition that exists in this country right now and it makes me very uncomfortable. I don't like it!"

*So what is it that American kids have that British kids don't?*

"A much broader perspective on life really; life is *bigger* there! They have more things to do, more things to think about. Like I said, music has been the focus of my life but it isn't my whole life, there are other things in my life that I like a lot. I spend a lot of time reading, I love cross-country skiing, I love sailing, I love looking at the sky, I like lying on the grass, I like going for a drive, I like talking to people – there's so much to life that doesn't really exist here.

"It's hard to put it into a perspective that British people can understand; what they see is life as it is here and there couldn't possibly be anything better. Ha! Which is fine, that's the same kind of chauvinism that you meet everywhere in the world.

"I get so tired of hearing people run down America because they don't know anything about it. They have no clue what a person in Phoenix, Arizona, or Michigan, or New York, or Lakeland, Florida, they have no clue how these people live or how they've grown up or what they do, how they think, nothing! But they feel that they have the arrogance to be able to condemn *two hundred million* individual people and their lives and the country that they live in out of hand, and say: 'All Americans – tuh!' It's so simple but it's so wrong and so foolish."

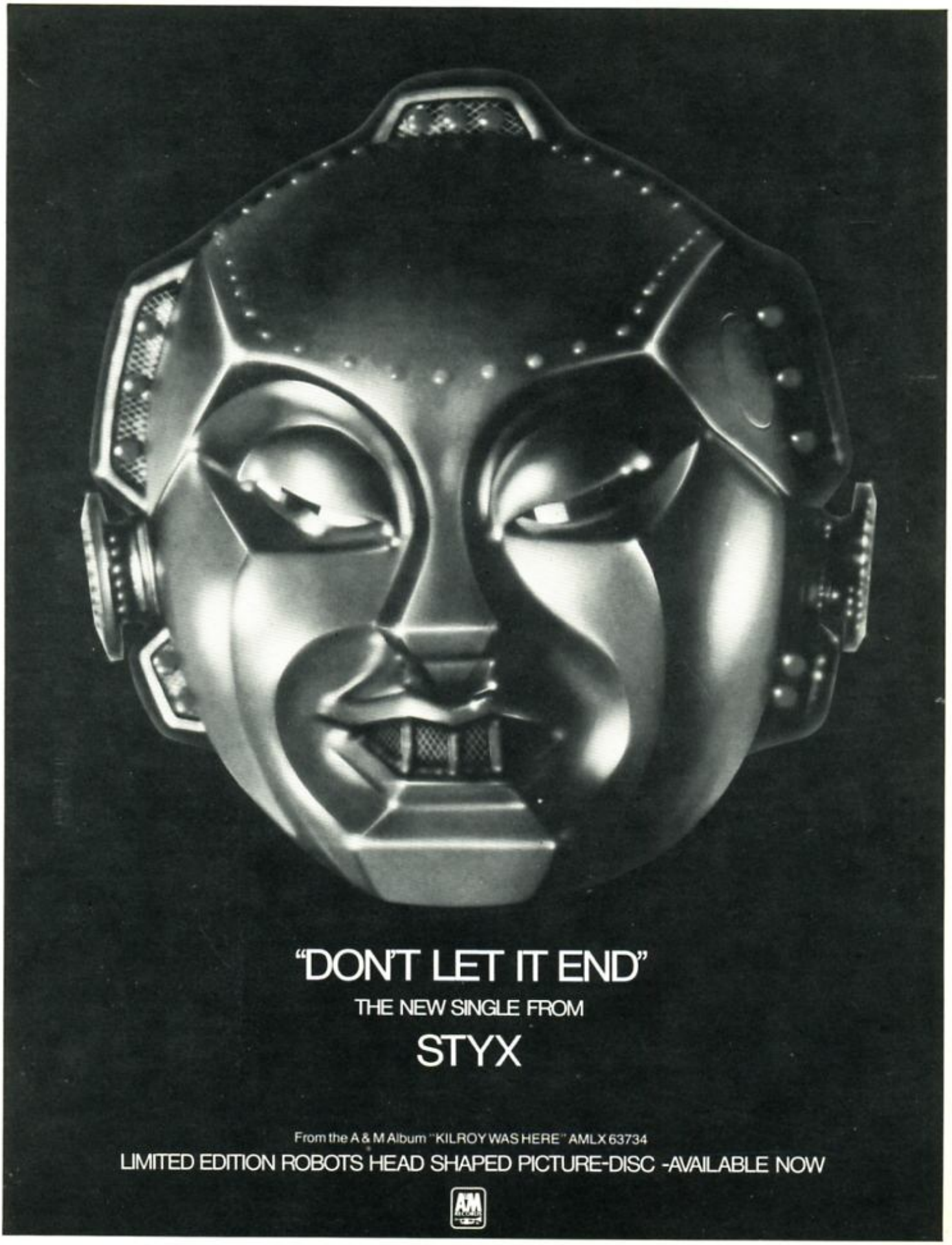
*Perhaps most of the Americans we come in contact with are liable to be tourists who do fit that stereotypical mould we have of the rich, fat, cigar-chomping Texan.*

"Well, that's fine, but you've got to remember you're talking about two hundred million people and you better think about the image that English people have abroad, too; it's not a pleasant one!

"People outside of their own country are very insecure and that leads to arrogance, especially for Americans because they have the inbuilt impression that people hate them because they're successful. And that's true of us as a band, too. Because we're successful a lot of people feel compelled to hate us, and it's the same part of human nature that makes people hate Americans. They did something very brave and dangerous and the way it worked out they became the most powerful country in the world with the best standard of living in the world . . . and people hate them for it. So what can you do?

"English people are just as boorish and just as arrogant and just as ignorant abroad as Americans. I've seen them and it's true. English people at home are lovely but the finest people in the world are the Americans at home. If I ever have to be in trouble anywhere I hope it's in Ohio or Iowa or a place like that because those kind of people, as vulgar as they might seem to the refined Europeans, they will open their hearts and their homes to you in a way that no self-conscious European person ever could."

***To be continued next issue ...***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**The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops**

# SINGLES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 10 | THE KIDS ARE BACK | **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic) |
| 2 | 3 | COUNTDOWN | **Rush** (Mercury) |
| 3 | 1 | I GOT MINE | **Motorhead** (Bronze) |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | — | SEND ME AN ANGEL | **Blackfoot** (Atco) |
| 5 | 2 | FLIGHT OF ICARUS | **Iron Maiden** (EMI) |
| 6 | 6 | FAITHFULLY | **Journey** (CBS) |
| 7 | 14 | PARIS IS BURNING | **Pallas** (Cool King) |
| 8 | 4 | THUNDER AND LIGHTNING | **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo) |
| 9 | 11 | RIDIN' HIGH | **Persian Risk** (Neat) |
| 10 | 19 | SHE'S A BEAUTY | **Tubes** (Capitol) |
| 11 | 9 | MARKET SQUARE HEROES | **Marillion** (EMI) |
| 12 | 28 | GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE | **Grand Prix** (Chrysalis) |
| 13 | 5 | CREATURES OF THE NIGHT | **Kiss** (Casablanca) |
| 14 | — | GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN' | **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers) |
| 15 | 7 | POWER AND THE GLORY | **Saxon** (Carrere) |
| 16 | 8 | IF YOU REALLY WANT TO | **Meat Loaf** (Epic) |
| 17 | 15 | MR. ROBOTO | **Styx** (A&M) |
| 18 | 18 | HE KNOWS, YOU KNOW | **Marillion** (EMI) |
| 19 | 12 | I AM (I'M ME) | **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic) |
| 20 | 16 | ROSANNA | **Toto** (CBS) |
| 21 | 13 | FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT | **Bonnie Tyler** (CBS) |
| 22 | — | LONELY NIGHTS | **Uriah Heep** (Bronze) |
| 23 | 17 | EASY LIVIN' | **Fastway** (CBS) |
| 24 | 20 | I SURVIVE | **Terraplane** (City) |
| 25 | 27 | TWILIGHT ZONE | **Golden Earring** (Mercury) |
| 26 | 26 | HEY OPERATOR | **Coney Hatch** (Mercury) |
| 27 | 21 | A WORLD OF FANTASY | **Triumph** (RCA) |
| 28 | 25 | STACK HEEL STRUTT | **Wrathchild** (Neon) |
| 29 | 22 | IT'S GONNA WORK ITSELF OUT | **Rose Tattoo** (Carrere) |
| 30 | 24 | WIND HIM UP | **Saga** (Portrait) |

*Compiled by MRIB*

# U.S. ALBUMS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | CARGO, | **Men At Work** (Columbia) |
| 2 | PYROMANIA, | **Def Leppard** (Mercury) |
| 3 | OUTSIDE/INSIDE, | **Tubes** (Capitol) |
| 4 | LET'S DANCE | **David Bowie** (EMI America) |
| 5 | ELIMINATOR, | **ZZ Top** (Warner Bros) |
| 6 | WAR, | **U2** (Island) |
| 7 | SHABOOH, SHOOBAH | **Inx** (Atco) |
| 8 | THE FINAL CUT, | **Pink Floyd** (Columbia) |
| 9 | PLANET P, | **Panet P** (Geffen) |
| 10 | CUTS LIKE A KNIFE, | **Bryan Adams** (A&M) |
| 11 | LIVING IN OZ, | **Rick Springfield** (RCA) |
| 12 | CHINA, | **Red Rockers** (Columbia) |
| 13 | REACH THE BEACH, | **The Fixx** (MCA) |
| 14 | OUR HOUSE, | **Madness** (Geffen) |
| 15 | ONE NIGHT WITH A STRANGER, | **Martin Briley** (Mercury) |
| 16 | FRONTIERS, | **Journey** (Columbia) |
| 17 | INFORMATION, | **Dave Edmunds** (Columbia) |
| 18 | HEADHUNTER, | **Krokus** (Arista) |
| 19 | LISTEN, | **A Flock Of Seagulls** (Jive/Arista) |
| 20 | THE GETAWAY, | **Chris De Burgh** (A&M) |

*The most-played rock albums on American radio stations as compiled by Billboard magazine.*

# ALBUMS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | PIECE OF MIND | **Iron Maiden** (EMI) |
| 2 | – | ANOTHER PERFECT DAY | **Motorhead** (Bronze) |
| 3 | 3 | SIOGO | **Blackfoot** (Atco) |
| 4 | 24 | THE ELEVENTH HOUR | **Magnum** (Jet) |
| 5 | 2 | YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK 'N' ROLL | **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic) |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | – | BACK TO MYSTERY CITY | **Hanoi Rocks** (Licks) |
| 7 | 4 | MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND | **Meat Loaf** (Epic) |
| 8 | 7 | CONEY HATCH | **Coney Hatch** (Mercury) |
| 9 | 5 | ELIMINATOR | **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers) |
| 10 | 8 | RESTLESS AND WILD | **Accept** (HM Worldwide) |
| 11 | 28 | WHITE FLAMES | **Snowy White** (Towerbell) |
| 12 | 9 | TOTO IV | **Toto** (CBS) |
| 13 | 15 | METAL HEALTH | **Quiet Riot** (Epic) |
| 14 | – | OCTOPUSS | **Cozy Powell** (Polydor) |
| 15 | 10 | PERFORMANCE | **Eloy** (HM Worldwide) |
| 16 | 12 | SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR | **Marillion** (EMI) |
| 17 | – | FORGED IN FIRE | **Anvil** |
| 18 | 13 | POWER AND THE GLORY | **Saxon** (Carrere) |
| 19 | 11 | THUNDER AND LIGHTNING | **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo) |
| 20 | 18 | OUT FOR BLOOD | **Lita Ford** (Mercury import) |
| 21 | 30 | UNDER THE BLADE | **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic) |
| 22 | 6 | FASTWAY | **Fastway** (CBS) |
| 23 | 16 | LOOK BEHIND | **Journey** (Columbia import) |
| 24 | 14 | HEADHUNTER | **Krokus** (Arista) |
| 25 | 20 | NOW HEAR THIS | **Hellanbach** (Neat) |
| 26 | 17 | KILROY WAS HERE | **Styx** (A&M) |
| 27 | 23 | FRONTIERS | **Journey** (CBS) |
| 28 | 19 | FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT | **Bonnie Tyler** (CBS) |
| 29 | 25 | STAND UP AND BE COUNTED | **Nightwing** (Gull) |
| 30 | – | WARNING FROM STARDUST | **Bow Wow** (HM Worldwide) |
| 31 | 34 | THE ROCK MACHINE STILL TURNS YOU ON | **Various** (CBS) |
| 32 | – | IN THE RED | **Fist** (A&M Import) |
| 33 | – | OUTSIDE / INSIDE | **Tubes** (Capitol) |
| 34 | 21 | SURVIVORS | **Samson** (Magnum Force) |
| 35 | 27 | LIVE EVIL | **Black Sabbath** (Vertigo) |
| 36 | – | DELIVER US | **Warlord** (Metal Blade import) |
| 37 | 22 | VIRGIN STEELE | **Virgin Steele** (Music For Nations) |
| 38 | 29 | NO GUTS, NO GLORY | **Molly Hatchet** (Epic) |
| 39 | 26 | TWICE UPON A TIME | **Hawkwind** (Flicknife) |
| 40 | 36 | MAKING CONTACT | **UFO** (Chrysalis) |

*Compiled by MRIB*

# IMPORT ALBUMS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | OUT FOR BLOOD | **Lita Ford** (Mercury) |
| 2 | LOOK BEHIND | **Journey** (Columbia) |
| 3 | IN THE RED | **Fist** (A&M) |
| 4 | DELIVER US | **Warlord** (Metal Blade) |
| 5 | TOTAL CONTROL | **Sound Barrier** (MCA) |
| 6 | IN THE RAW | **Rods** (Shrapnel) |
| 7 | SO FIRED UP | **Le Roux** (Capitol) |
| 8 | MICHAEL BOLTON | **Michael Bolton** (Columbia) |
| 9 | MODERN MEDICINE | **Doc Holliday** (A&M) |
| 10 | WILD DOGS | **Wild Dogs** (Shrapnel) |

*Compiled by MRIB*


**KERRANG!**

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# KOMMUNICATION

**Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY all Metal merchants at *Kerrang!* Well done on sustaining life for two years. I was gonna send you a rock cake to celebrate, but it went soft and I know you only like your rock hard.

Keep it coming and don't let the quality and contents slip.

Rock On. **Metal Mickey (an avid *Kerrang!* fan), Boreham Wood.**

IRON MAIDEN, masters of HM, rise again to take on the world with their fourth album, 'Piece Of Mind' – yet another classic. Forging on from one success to another, there comes a flaw on the horizon. A dark figure axing down their image and popularity. The figure is attacked and disarmed to reveal the krunching *Kerrang*ite Dante 'I Don't Like The Words' Bonutto.

In one album review he succeeds in reducing a classic into an 'iffy' album. HM has a hard enough time with those shit-heads on *Top Of The Pops*, without Dante 'Forget The Dinosaurs' Bonutto making it harder.

If I were you I would go and work for Smash Hits, 'cos they don't like HM either. **C. Gibbs (an outraged Maiden fan), Bournemouth.**

I HAVE noticed with amusement the recent upsurge in interest pertaining to what are euphemistically called 'progressive bands'. Without wishing to name names, these bands are about as progressive as my arse. Both the music and the image are so generally derivative, shallow, second rate and above all unimaginative. I blame the record companies, entirely, for this state of affairs.

They have suddenly taken it into their heads that a market exists amongst young people to fill a gap. The fact is that there is a whole generation of young people who never saw Genesis with Peter Gabriel or Yes when they were at the height of their powers. If only the record companies had possessed the vision and imagination to prepare in advance for the now prevailing interest in this kind of music they would have invested time and money in these bands a good while back. Doing this would have enabled these groups of musicians to mature naturally and be in a good position to deliver what is now expected of them.

As it is, I suspect that this is no more than another fad and will disappear as quickly as it has arrived, leaving a few radiant stars who have the ambition, determination and above all the imagination, to ruthlessly pursue their careers right to the top. Out there somewhere, as yet unknown, is a band who is truly progressive and who will be at this very moment seeking to incorporate into their music everything we have learned over the past 25 years. It is to that unknown future that I give my support.

As for Fish, whose pronouncements I read in your recent issue, I can only say that in five years time, when he has climbed right to the top of his profession, he will not wish to be reminded of what he said. **Robert John Godfrey, The Enid, Claret Hall Farm, Sudbury, Suffolk.**

*From the film 'Alone In The Dark' courtesy of Rank Film Distributors*

***KERRANG's highly-strung Dante Bonutto gets rough justice from demented Iron Maiden fan (see second letter).***

WELL, WELL, well, so Heavy Pettin' have finally made it semi-big, eh? Reading their interview in issue 42, I have a couple of points to make:

"Whenever we go down the local for a drink they make us feel like we're standing there posing," they say. Who are they trying to kid? They DO stand there posing! They're POSERS!

Interviewing Scottish bands is great if the band happens to be good. Heavy Posers (sorry, Pettin') are NOT. So, how about a feature on Chasar who ARE good. **A Burns Howffer.**

I'VE JUST bought *Kerrang!* no. 42 and read the review of the new Motorhead masterpiece. I read through all of M. Dome's moaning until I came to a moan about the excellent track which, ever since I first heard it on the Friday Rock Show, I've thought was great.

Of course, trust *Kerrang!* to slag it off. The *Kerrang!* reviewers strike me as a bunch of old farts who love to have a moan at anything that's put in front of them. I'm sure some of the albums would get better reviews in 'Chart Hits' or something. **Anon.**

HOW ABOUT an article on the hottest band to come out of LA since Van Halen, namely Quiet Riot. They've brought out a truly amazing LP in the form of 'Metal Health' and seem to be getting zero recognition for it.

Howard Johnson's review was critical but fair. Carlos Carazo is an excellent guitar player and truly makes a fine replacement for Randy Rhoads. And Rudy Sarzo's bass playing is really something special.

If an interview with them is impossible, how about a colour spread? **Larry Frehley, the man in the slick black cadillac.**

*Impossible is a word we at* Kerrang! *can't spell, whoops, don't recognise. Watch out for a forthcoming feature and colour pics.*

AFTER SPENDING my hard-earned student grant on issue 41, I looked at the front cover and what did I find in large letters but – U2. On having a quick scan through the material in the mag, I was shocked to find a whole page devoted to the aforementioned 'group'. What the hell is going on? Perhaps it was printed to get a few more letters into the office, or has Chas De Whalley (is that his REAL name?) gone completely off his rocker (perhaps that should read 'synthesiser', cos if he likes U2 he can't be much of a 'rocker').

Just think, without all that valuable space wasted on U2, you could have had a letters page (far more entertaining). I could even have stood a picture of Ozzy/ Lemmy/ (fill in blanks with equally hideous faces ...) And all this rubbish about U2 being the Led Zeppelin of the 80's, well all I can say to that is – what a load of crap. Mr De Whalley really must be a 'Wally' if he believes that! **'The Milky Bar Kid', Coventry.**

*KERRANG!* is a great mag and there have been loads of pics/interviews etc with my favourite bands (Lizzy, Triumph, Rush), all except one – April Wine. All they've had in your mag is an album review in No. 20 and a video review in No. 31. So please give them more coverage. **Smiddy, Cumbernauld, Scotland.**

HOW ABOUT a feature on the mighty H – Hellanbach. Take a listen to their new album and give them a centrespread. Go on, give one of the good British bands a review for a change instead of some foreign band no-one's heard of. That's not too much to ask, is it? **Mr Boot, South Shields.**

I'VE JUST got to slag off Spider for pulling a mean, dirty trick. They were supposed to do a gig at a club here on Merseyside but didn't bother showing up. What's more they didn't let anyone know they weren't coming.

Thanks guys. Surely you're not so bad that you can't face your fellow Scousers? Then again, maybe you are! We may never know. May I just say, I hope the tour is a flop and I hope you get locked up in Poland. And I hope Sniffa's bleached locks fall out. And I hope your legs drop off. **A former Spider fan who now prefers bumble bees, Birkenhead.**


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# KULTURE!

EDITED BY MALCOLM DOME

## FILMS

**'RETURN OF THE JEDI' (U)**

SIX YEARS ago I slunk into some manky little flea-pit to see 'Star Wars', the SF flick everyone seemed to be raving over at the time. I came out grinning from ear to ear. Sure it was a crappy movie, sure the acting and dialogue was ludicrously camp – but wasn't it FUN!!? You remember fun, don't you? No? OK, so let me dangle a little carrot in front of your nose. If you should happen to spot a movie entitled 'Return Of The Jedi' showing at your local picture palace in the near future then make a bee-line for it and rediscover that elusive quality in modern film-making – innocent fun!

Spielberg let the 'Jaws' saga slip out of his grasp and the ensuing sequel(s) was about as entertaining as videoing the test-card. But George Lucas has kept a paternal eye over the developing 'Star Wars' series and is here credited as writer and executive producer. He has handed over the reins of control, however, to a geezer called Richard Marquand whose previous work has been largely restricted to the TV. You can imagine the conversation; – Lucas: "Well Richard, here's a a script, here's 32 million dollars, now go make 'Star Wars III'!!". Marquand: "Oh, yeah, right, OK." And off he went.

The result is a furiously paced opus with the rebels once again laying seige to the Death Star. The Special FX are pretty and effective, especially a jet-bike races through the forest and the 'Tron'-style computer graphics used to illustrate the reconstructed Death Star. The monsters / alien beings etc. are just wonderful – look out in particular for Salacious Crumb, a spindly little rat-fink, and his/her/its master Jabba The Hutt, a kind of bloated, more obscene version of Xavier Russell, and Frank Oz (Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, Animal) playing Yoda the last Jedi Knight (except for Luke Skywalker, of course). Mark Hamill and Harrison Ford are in amongst the thick of it again, both looking decidedly older, though, with Ford's quips attaining an almost Bond-ian 'corn' quotient. Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia reveals much more of herself than ever before (but not too much) and learns who she really is. Darth Vader is there and even Alec Guinness pops in to offer the odd word of friendly advice whenever things look really desperate.

The plot is simplistic and if I have a complaint it's that there's not enough going on, no subplots or intrigue, no extra-mural diversions; but what the hell, like I said, the whole thing moves so fast you don't have much time to consider weightier problems anyway. DAVE DICKSON

**'NATIONAL LAMPOON'S – CLASS REUNION' (15)**

'FROM THE team that brought you 'Animal House',' boasts the poster. But I'm afraid 'Class Reunion' is a poor and tacky follow-up. This film is about a class of school kids who get back together for a right ol' knees up ten years after they've all graduated. A good idea that never really works, thanks to the uninspired direction of Michael Miller.

I've always been a fan of toilet humour, which is why I had such high hopes for 'Class Reunion'. The film runs for 85 minutes and only ten are funny, and most of that's in the first half.

It's a pity Michael Miller couldn't keep up the zany pace he sets up at the beginning, one scene in particular is worth mentioning. Class president Bob Spinnaker plays a nasty trick on the class weirdo Walter Baylor and tells him that the class beauty Meredith Modess wants his body. Only the lass is a wee bit shy and insists that Walter wears a paper bag over his head. Walter agrees and joins Meredith in a car. She, too, has a paperbag over her 'Uncle Ned'. After a few moments the entire mob of party-goers blast their horns and turn their head-lights on. Walter, startled, removes his bag and then slowly removes the girl's bag. We wait with baited breath – could it be rude gal Karen Harvey? Even worse! It ends up being his own sister!

So when the whole class decide to get together for a reunion ten years later for a rave up, Walter plans to spend the evening getting his own back – by becoming the 'paper bag killer'.

On a musical note, there's a cameo performance from Chuck Berry who turns in fine renditions of 'It Wasn't Me' and 'My Dingaling'. XAVIER RUSSELL

**'ALONE IN THE DARK' (18)**

NEVER LET publicity stills lead you up the garden path. I was really let down, to find that the mad Donald Pleasance wasn't a lunatic killer with an axe, as portrayed in one gory colour snap. In fact the axe work in this film was lousy, and most of the blades looked more than a little blunt.

I find it hard to believe that 'AIND' was brought to you from the people who did 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre'. This is the most non-frightening flick I've seen in ages. All the shocks are saved till the end – naturally. But unlike, say 'Friday The Thirteenth', where all the victims, bar one, wind up dead, 90% of the cast survive here.

Donald Pleasance plays the owner of a lunatic asylum. His most unsavoury inmates are stowed away behind closed doors. This is until a power strike hits town. Four psychopaths, headed by the two greatest hams in the business – Jack Palance and the ever-worsening Martin Landau – escape and start a killing spree.

Poor Mr Pleasance looks so completely lost that I'm sure he would much rather be making a Pils Holstein commercial. He even ends up losing 'those ears' (copyright Steve Gett) thanks to Martin Landau's Bowie knife. One final point – there's a fine cameo performance from a band called 'The Sic F--ks', fronted by two Suterian-approved gals. XAVIER RUSSELL

## VIDEOS

**'THE TUBES'** (EMI Music)

ROCK THEATRE at its best.

The uncompromising and totally outrageous American band have produced one of the best videos currently available.

Consisting mainly of tracks from their 'Completion Backwards Principle' LP, the video is a bizarre collection of stunning images and abrasive rock and roll.

Fee Waybill hams his way through nearly an hour of specially filmed studio set pieces assisted by the band and a trio of stunning girls.

Well-choreographed routines make full use of the video medium. The Tubes are one of the bands that demand visual back up. Devoid of the accompanying images they sound not unlike most American AOR groups. But their erotic and satirical lyrics, given full vent by imaginative and skilful direction, put them in a category of their own. They are originals.

'Mondo Bondage' is an obvious candidate for the full treatment and Fee is duly set upon by the three Amazons. The following scenes of sadism and other perversions are a perfect example of their tongue-in-cheek send-up of the accepted extremes of American life. Not for the children!

Don't expect the familiar stack-heeled boots, blond wigs and pancake makeup because throughout they are dressed in suits of smart casual wear. It's only in the last few minutes of 'White Punks On Dope' that the inclusion of live concert footage shows them in full regalia.

All in all it's a highly entertaining video that you could see a half-dozen times without tiring. But send the kids out first! MARTIN KNIGHT

**'NO NUKES'** (CBS/Fox)

IN THE wake of 1980's Three Mile Island disaster, the Musicians United for Safe Energy (MUSE) organised a week of public protest in New York culminating in three charity rock shows at Madison Square Gardens and an open-air rally in Central Park.

Jackson Browne, Graham Nash and Bonnie Raitt helped put the affair together, recruiting the services of just about every Seventies superstar you could imagaine from James Taylor and Carly Simon, David Crosby and Steve Stills to Gil-Scot Heron, The Doobie Brothers and Bruce Springsteen. This 90 minute video tells the story of those concerts, and features suitably grainy footage of the artistes and bands both onstage and socialising in the dressing rooms. But, apart from the odd minute or two here and there, it ends up as one big yawn.

The first thing that rankles is the post-hippy idealism shared by all the participants. It doesn't seem to occur to them that if they want to continue playing their electric guitars and allowing us our stereos and videos to hear and see them doing it, then nuclear power may have to be considered as a serious option. But that's another argument entirely. The point here is that too many of the artistes in 'No Nukes' seem to feel that the strength of their cause justifies some pretty wimpy performances.

Soft-rock is by and large the order of the day. Admittedly Jackson Browne does rise above the crowd with 'Running On Empty' and 'The Deluge', Graham Nash's 'Barrel Of Pain' makes good mileage out of the dumping of nuclear waste in the Pacific Ocean, while, as you might expect, John McFee's excellent guitar playing puts some grit into The Doobie Brothers' white boogie funk. But Bruce Springsteen is a big disappointment. Not because he performs badly but because on 'The River' and 'Thunder Road' the camera rarely leaves his face and the E Street Band's visual dynamics are totally ignored.

The only obviously Heavy element is a fleeting shot of Aerosmith's Steven Tyler in a backstage singalong with Crosby, Stills and Nash. CHAS DE WHALLEY

## BOOKS

***'HM PHOTO BOOK'*** *(Omnibus)*

*APART FROM the fact that over 40 of the pix (both colour and black/white, but with no background information) in this volume are completely out of focus, it should also be noted that whilst this book is subtitled 'Heavy Metal In Japan' (but featuring no home-grown Nippon acts), 25 of the shots were actually taken at the past couple of* Reading Festivals.

*Moreover, Riot, the Rods, Stampede, Rush, Motley Crue and Def Leppard (all of whom appear here) have never even been within bombing distance of the Land Of The Rising Sun!*

*Normally, Japanese rock magazines have a very high standard of photos, and the occasional HM specials emanating from there are of a very high quality indeed. This book appears to be merely a cheap shoddy effort at cashing in on other, much better presented books in this genre.*

*At £4.95, it's a rip-off. As a photo book, it's a waste of time! ROSS HALFIN/'CRAZY' GEORGE BODNAR*

***DENMARK'S Pretty Maids: "We are NOT Glam Rock" they claim. Hmmm ...***

# Pretty Maids maul in a row!

IF DANISH denizens Pretty Maids ever become stadia-sized headliners, they'll owe an indirect debt of gratitude to Ace Frehley! Not that the 'Space Ace' actually has anything to do with this Scanda-sextet (he says cryptically), but ... well, let me explain ...

Pretty Maids only came to light because of *Kerrang's* intense interest in W.A.S.P, an LA band apparently being produced by Frehley. So, when a tape of these US sting merchants arrived at the office, it was all ears to the speakers as the excellent Americans dished out some astounding powder-keg mania. However, tacked on to the end of the megawatt C-45 were a couple of throwaway OTT outtakes from the previously unknown Pretty things. And their polydecibel prowess absolutely floored everyone within range.

'Children Of Tomorrow', the first song, came on like a hybrid of Rainbow, Magnum and the Scorpions – a hanging garden of melodic delights and pin-prick bludgeon. T'other track, 'City Lights', had something of an Accept feel to it. So, who could this mob be? Were they Dicksonian Glam-muthas? Or were they Suterian lasses? There seemed only one way to solve the mystery – and before you could say 'Rock 'N' Roll Are Four Letter Words', two Maids turned up in the *Kerrang!* reception area, answering to the names of Ken Hammer and Pete Collins, looking neither feminine (sob) nor lip-gloss louts *à la* Wrathchild (hiss).

"We have absolutely NO connection with Glam Rock. Sure, we try and put on a very visual show. But, this complements the music rather than dominates it," asserted Hammer, in his opening verbal lunge (delivered in near-perfect Anglais – rather fortuitous since it saved wear 'n' tear on my non-existent Danish vocabulary). "As for that name, well isn't a pretty maid everybody's dream and fantasy?" (cue sighs of sage-like agreement from the entire Tanya Roberts-besotted *Kerrang!* quarter).

Hammer (who despite the drumming connotations of his surname actually plays lead guitar) is very much les Maids' mainman. It was he who first started the band at the end of 1981 in his home town of Horsen (a case of Maids 'n' Metal going together like a Horsen carriage?), recruiting fellow lead guitarist Collins, Ronnie Atkins (vocals), John Darrow (bass), Alan Owen (keyboards) and Phil Moorheed (drums).

"At first we used to do covers of material by Rainbow and Thin Lizzy in particular. However, we soon started to write our own stuff."

Thus armed with original penmanship, the Pretty boyzz cut a two-track demo in late '82, consisting of 'City Lights' and 'Shelley The Maid' (the latter something akin to a Danish equivalent of 'Charlotte The Harlot'). Now, whilst neither exactly oozed with street-style Segovia/Ashkenazy craftsmanship, both tastily sizzled like crinkle-cut chips in a pan of hot oil. And that's not just my opinion. Danish radio, not exactly known for pioneering polydecibel Hamlets of heaviness, began to play the tape.

A few months later, the band, their spirits fortified by such interest, recorded a second demo, featuring seven more new numbers, including the aforementioned 'Children Of Tomorrow', 'Warchild' and the impressively melodic 'Fantasy' – all tracks that come on hotter than a raging forest fire.

"I think with this batch of songs, we established our own style, which is heavier than, say, Thin Lizzy or Rainbow, although not quite in Motorhead's league. I guess we're rather more like Riot or Picture."

Well, that's Hammer's summation, and I'll not argue with him at all.

In February of this year, a copy of said demos (cramped together on one tape, entitled 'Heavy Metal') winged its way into the Windmill-style clutches of Dutch label Rave On (whom you may recall put out that first Mercyful Fate mini-LP last year). And, so mightily impressed were the Holland Metal specialists with what they heard, that an attempt was made to sign 'em up. But, overtures were also forthcoming from Bullet Records in the UK, and it was the latter who eventually persuaded the Maids to ink a freshly-smelted contract.

The first waxen offering from this potentially fruitful partnership will be a six-track album, cut in a ten-day period during May, and expected to be available imminently.

"This will contain five tracks re-recorded from our demos, plus one new number, 'Bad Boy'," revealed Hammer. "Actually, we were going to call the LP itself 'Bad Boy'. But, we've since found out that there's a disco song in the charts at the moment by the same title, so we've dropped that particular idea."

Instead, the platter will apear under the rivettingly original handle of ... 'Pretty Maids' (think about it: how many other bands have ever released an LP with THAT monicker?!) And there's a distinct possibility that sometime before the end of '83, Pretty Maids will tour England as support act to that well-known French band from Stoke, Le Griffe (an English band with a Froggie name playing with a Danish outfit under an English banner – it's enough to permanently confuse Xavier Russell!)

Certainly, coming over here and appearing on our regular cess-pit club circuit will seem almost like a sniff of the promised land ('Hallelujah, I've Seen The Light' and so forth) to Hammer and his five tongs.

"In Denmark, it's very hard to get gigs, so many places don't like to have Heavy Metal bands appearing. And when we do get a chance to do a show, it can often go badly wrong. For instance, we did a gig in our local town a couple of weeks ago and some rockers, who were nothing to do with us, came in and smashed the place up. Yet, despite the fact that these guys didn't come with us, we got the blame, and have been banned from the club!"

This is a similar sob-sob story to the one Mercyful Fate recently had to tell. Obviously, 'Metallic mayhem' to most Danes conjures up pictures not of musical muscle but more than likely a Saab car engine blowing up or else a renegade bacon slicer.

Yet, it still can't be denied that Scanda-rock (go Norse, young man) is currently on the way up.

GOING UP! First floor – cults, clubs and confidence: Heavy Load/Trash (Sweden), Witch Cross (Denmark).

GOING UP!! Second floor – headlining hopefuls and album shifters: Mercyful Fate (Denmark), Hanoi Rocks (Finland).

There's no doubt that these bands (and now Pretty Maids) have all made a formidable imprint on the *Kerrang!* kollective konsciousness. In particular, the Rocks and Fate are on a steep ascent to the stars. So, why has such a recent explosion from this korner of Europe occurred.?

"Well, HM has been very popular in Scandinavia for some four or five years now. And, I s'pose that people who started out as fans have now begun to form their own bands."

***MALCOLM DOME***

# ARMED & READY

## TRIAX

*CANADA has a particularly impressive record when it comes to producing notable female vocalists, and the names that we know are inevitably only the tip of the iceberg. The roving ears of Kerrang! never rest though, and Armed And Ready now proudly presents another ferocious talent in the form of Triax and vocalist Linda Please.*

*The band has a history going back about two years, revolving around the axis of Linda and guitarist Ron Ristine. They hail from Port Colbourne, near the US border, and have built an impressive local following that has seen many house records broken along the way, but ironically they have found it difficult to attract the attention of the Canadian music business, and are actually enjoying a more positive response from the more competitive US market.*

*As with most North American bar bands the set contains a substantial amount of covers, but instead of aiming for the more commonplace Billy Squier/Foreigner repertoire, Triax have metal in their blood and draw from the likes of Michael Schenker, AC/DC and Ted Nugent for their material.*

*A girl singing AC/DC? You'd better believe it brother – Linda Please has one of the most earth-shattering multi-decibel voices yours truly has ever encountered, well up there in contention with Darby Mills and Lee Aaron. The band recently pulled a crowd of over 750 to one of their shows, so the word is obviously spreading.*

*As yet they've been able to spare relatively little finance in order to get into the studios, but their efforts recently won recognition from an American radio station, WZIR in Buffalo, and Triax's 'You Are The One' appears on their local talent compilation, and is gaining regular airplay on the station. It's clear evidence that the band are highly capable of writing their own songs, impressive and aggressive, and topped by Linda's magnificent vocal firepower.*

*With a new line up of Gord Brown (bass), Jerry Pringle (rhythm guitar and backing vocals) and Randy Coons (drums – great name, eh?), Ron Ristine and Linda Please aim to hit the road again shortly. Do your best to catch a show if you're reading this in North America somewhere, and if you're not just watch out for the name!*

*Contact c/o 80 Michael Drive North, Port Colbourne, Ontario L3K 3C5, Canada.*

*PAUL SUTER*

## CRASH K.O.

*IF YOU LIKE your metal over-running with grossly gargantuan licks, delivered by what looks like a renegade bunch of mutant glamsters, then Crash KO are the ones for you.*

*Featuring vocalist Steve Denham, bassist Rick Page, drum-smith Ace Finchum, and the hot-poopin' Phil Vokins on guitar, the band have only just recently formed, but already sound good enough to frazzle the make-up smiles from off the Wrathchild visage.*

*Make no mistake, whilst many in the glam field are content merely to tart up their image and ignore the rather necessary adjunct of strong music, this lot most certainly go for broke at every opportunity. Numbers such as 'Shout It Out', 'Victim Of The Twilight', and 'Gods Will Fly' are high on raw energy, whilst still managing to wield a hefty tune.*

*The band hope to issue an EP in the near future, and presently have a tape commercially available. It's distributed by Shades and costs £1.*

*MALCOLM DOME*

## TOUR DATES

JOHN MIZAROLLI plays a gig at London, Embassy Club on June 23.
CHARIOT appear at Catford, Saxon on July 9.
ARC, heavy rockers from Kidderminster, appear at Worcester, Waterside Club on June 30.
DAY OF JUDGEMENT, acid rockers from Stourport, have lined up a show at Malvern, Nags Head on June 18.
WYLDEFYRE headline a show at Southsea, Rock Gardens Pavilion on June 18. Support bands will be Cougar and Prowler.
STRIKES TWICE, one of Humberside's top rock bands, have the following gigs pencilled in: Tadcaster, The Forge June 24, Hull, Dingwalls 27, Brimington, *Tavern July 1. Leeds. The Packhorse 8.*
*SAPPHIRE appear at the following venues: Clitheroe, Castle June 26, Chorley,* Joiners Arms July 1/2, Blackburn, Regents Hotel 7/8.
GIRLSCHOOL play three dates at London, Marquee Club on June 28/29/30.
SPARTAN WARRIOR, from Tyne & Wear, have the following gigs set up: Heburn, Labour Club June 30, Sunderland, Mecca September 9.
DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS continue to rock around the country, with these recently-confirmed gigs: Reading, University June 23, Ashford, Wye College 28, Lee Green, Old Tigers Head 30, Oxford, Penny Farthing July 1, Lee Green, Old Tigers Head 21, Warrington, Lion Hotel 23.
TREDEGAR play at Norwich, Gala Ballroom on June 22.
PENDRAGON will be playing at the following venues: Colwyn Bay, Dixieland Showbar June 24, Leeds, Fforde Green Hotel July 2, Peterborough, Key Theatre 24.
AIRBRIDGE appear at Norwich, White's Club July 2, Feltham, Airman Club 7.
LIAISON play Fulham, Golden Lion on June 20.
GRIM REAPER have added yet more dates to their on-going 'See You In Hell' tour: Worcester, The Waterside Club June 23, Runcorn, Cherry Tree July 20.
TWELFTH NIGHT play at Fulham Greyhound on June 22, London, New Merlins Cave 24.
SEPARATE ENERGY headline Hailsham, Crown Club on July 9.
TEN YEARS AFTER, featuring Alvin Lee, are to play a special one-off reunion gig at London, Marquee Club on July 1, as part of the clubs' silver jubilee celebrations.
ROCK GODDESS appear at London, Marquee Club on July 5/6.
JAGUAR play the following gigs to promote their debut album, 'Power Game': Guildford, Wooden Bridge Rock Club June 16, Cannock, Moonraker Club 17, Worcester, Waterside Club 20.
HANOI ROCKS, who've just issued a single in 'Malibu Beach' on the Lick label, *headline a show at London, Lyceum Ballroom on July 3. Tickets are priced at* £3.50.
ANVIL will appear at London's Marquee Club on July 7.

# FROM GROSS-OUT TO SELL-OUT?

## Lude-icrous tales from The Tubes' Fee Waybill

ASTOUNDING THOUGH it may seem, The Tubes have never seen Twisted Sister, much less rubbed shoulders with the outrageous Dee Snider. In fact, before they touched down in London recently on their way home from taping a major TV show in Germany, the celebrated San Franciscan satirists had barely even heard of the new kings of schlock rock, let alone their clown, crown prince.

So was Fee Waybill knocked sideways when he picked up an old copy of *Kerrang!* in his record company's offices and saw Snider's ugly mug leering up at him in full colour? Was he ever! His jaw dropped a million miles.

"*Oh My God!*" he screamed like an extra in a cheap Hollywood horror movie, as The Thing That Ate Topanga Canyon loomed on the horizon. "It's horrible! It's awful! It's ... It's ... it's *Quay Lude!* And without his stack heels! Oh No!!"

Long term fans of The Tubes will know exactly what their frontman was going through, but the rest of you might not quite understand. Or remember how, in 1976, when The Tubes fired the opening salvo of their wickedly irreverent assault on the hallowed bastions of rock, Quay Lude was their secret and ultimate weapon.

In all his stoned-out, bilious glory, with spangled make-up half an inch thick, strawberry blond rat's tails spewing over his shoulders, huge personalised electric shades and a donger the size of a cruise missile crammed clumsily and unsuccessfully into his green lurex pants, Fee Waybill as Quay Lude tottered out onto the stage at the Hammersmith Odeon, on platform soles so high you could drill for North Sea Oil from them. A White Punk on Dope indeed.

At the climax of the rudest and raunchiest, longest and loudest and most extravagantly X-rated theatrical rock show ever, a symphonic explosion of simulated sex, surgery and balletic TV, Quay Lude, Fee Waybill and The Tubes wrote themselves into the history books, and made Alice Cooper and Ozzy Osbourne look like Sooty and Sweep. And Kiss cuter than the Muppets!

Young Fee got himself arrested while the Tubes were banned by town councils all over Great Britain and pilloried by the popular press. Thus, were the band granted the Silent Majority's ultimate accolade. It remains to be seen whether it will ever be awarded to Twisted Sister. Somehow I don't expect it. For all Dee Snider's uncanny resemblance to the lewd Lude he just doesn't have the stacks for it. But, seven years on Fee Waybill still has. In fact, he can't get shot of them.

"We tried dropping ol' Quay from the act a couple of years ago. But we got so many complaints from the fans we had to bring him back on again. That was about the time of the 'Remote Control' album and the 'Prime Time' single, and we were forced to make drastic cuts in the stage show.

"We were losing money hand over fist. All those TV screens and the other props and stage sets cost too much to take on the road. The show had also gotten so spectacular that the music simply couldn't compete. Kids would leave the concerts remembering all the routines and the big production numbers but forget the songs. And they didn't buy the records either.

"In retrospect I think that was because the stuff on our first couple of albums wasn't really that good. Things like 'White Punks On Dope' and 'Mondo Bondage' still stand up, but not much else does. So we changed the line-up a little and tried out a couple of different producers until we elevated the quality of the music so that it could stand up in its own right. But then people started criticising us for not putting on the big show any more. So we brought it all back. Quay Lude included."

American audiences will see the new improved Tubes show – which, apparently, includes ET in whips, furs and bondage gear! – before we do, as the band are about to embark on a massive football stadium tour as special guests on bills headed by the likes of Journey and David Bowie. But British dates are pencilled in for the Autumn.

In the meantime, though, there's a full-length Tubes video available on both cassette and, believe it or not, laser disc which does so much justice to the band's wild and wacky sense of open-heart humour that it was nominated for the music business' equivalent of an Oscar at last year's Grammy Awards ceremony. It didn't win, of course. The Tubes are a bit too *risqué* for that. It was pipped to the post by Olivia Newton-John's aerobic and body-oiled 'Let's Get Physical' collection, which didn't really come as a surprise to Mr Waybill.

Nor was he surprised to hear me observe that the send-ups, satire and salacious pisstakes of the plastic age which originally put The Tubes on a par with British punk bands like The Sex Pistols and The Stranglers seem diluted into a more conventional rock sensibility these days – on record, if not live. If, that is, their last two LPs, 'The Completion Backwards Principle' and the just-released 'Outside Inside', are anything to go by. Had there been a change of heart?

"No, not really. It's simply that blatant satire doesn't make money and doesn't sell records either. And it certainly doesn't do anything to change the world. We finally got wise to the fact that people don't want to buy a record which makes fun of them, you know? You gonna buy a record that's a joke on you? No way! Not in the United States, that's for sure."

But before you start chucking cabbages and tossing the tomatoes, think on this: The Tubes have *not* sold out. Not for profit, anyway. If they have sold out then it's been for survival. Literally. With the record business in the state it is today, in America and everywhere else in the world, you have to sound commercial to remain in the running. The Tubes have proved themselves remarkably adept at adapting to this new Age of Artistic Austerity.

Even as I spoke to Waybill and Tubes' keyboards supremo Vince Welnick, there came the news that the band's latest single, the beaty 'She's A Beauty', had already climbed to Number 25 on the US charts after only three weeks in the shops and had dragged the album into the Top Thirty behind it. Already, then, 'Outside Inside' had proved the most successful Tubes record ever and it hasn't peaked yet.

It was produced by David Foster whose name is not well-known in heavy rock circles. In fact, the closest he's come to mayhem has been as the producer of Boz Scaggs' and Hall and Oates' albums, which is not very close at all. Rather he's a soul man with the likes of Earth, Wind and Fire, Lionel Ritchie and The Brothers Johnson to his credit. And, in many respects, 'Outside Inside' can be regarded as more of a soul or even, perish the word, *disco* album.

At least that's the way The Tubes themselves see it. And they point to the cover of Major Lance and Curtis Mayfield's old Sixties' stomper 'Monkey Time', which Waybill croons and camps as a duet with the Motels' luscious Martha Davis, as proof that as musicians they've always privately preferred to boogie on down than rock out.

But there's no denying the fact that Foster's skills at the mixing desk have made them sound as hard as nails. 'Outside Inside' is a feast on the 'phones, super-clean and super-strong, turning the characteristically ambitious Tubes' arrangements to gleaming steel which spins round the stereo. It certainly doesn't sound like soul to me.

And it doesn't shrink from social comment either. 'She's A Beauty' itself offers a thinly disguised, sad tale of a girl obliged to work a 'Nude Encounter' studio in The Tenderloin, San Francisco's 'red light' district, while 'Out Of The Business', with its rousing shout choruses, is a double-edged attack not just on the ethics of America's white collar workforce but on the economic climate which is consigning them to unemployment lines.

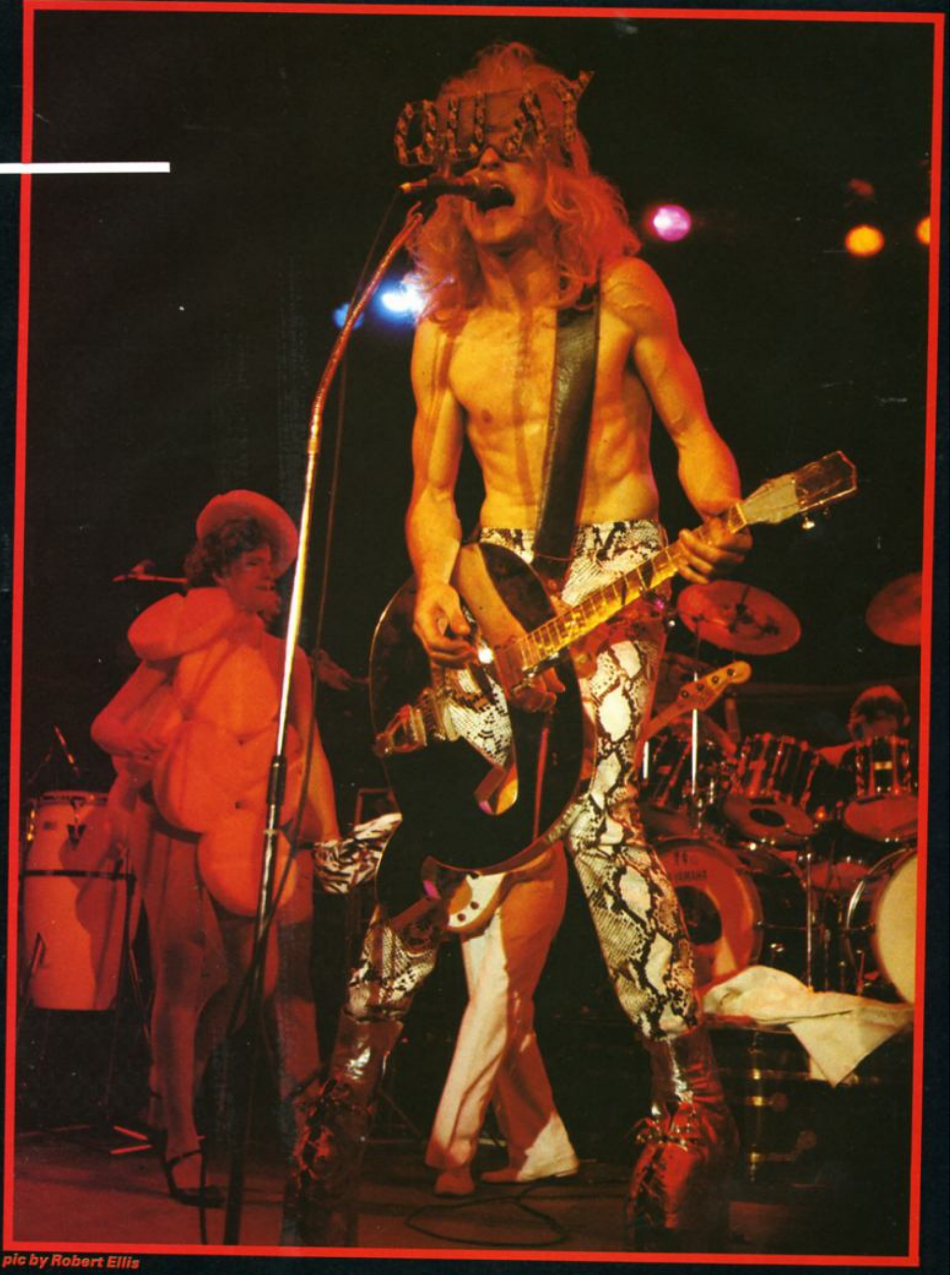
So the old Tubes' satire is still there, if you look hard enough for it, but now it's folded better into the musical mix. And that sound is so near a perfect distillation of American radio, so very nearly makes an ART out of the Foreigner Formula, that it's very difficult to take it at face value. Not when it comes from The Tubes, anyway.

So, c'mon Fee. Spill the beans. You're trying to pull a really big one on us this time, ain't ya?

"Wow! You think so too? That's really weird. I was doing a radio interview somewhere in Massachusetts the other week and the DJ there had the very same idea.

"You probably won't believe this, but we're not that clever! Honest. All we tried to do was make the best album we could. People read too much into us sometimes. We just can't win!"

**CHAS DE WHALLEY**



pic by Robert Ellis

# (Un) Holy Dio

*"Ronnie was good at producing lyrics and coming up with tunes. I could give him a vague melody and he'd know what I wanted. But after he left things went a bit sour"* – Ritchie Blackmore, April 1982.

*"Ronnie Dio is . . . a better singer than I am. I'm just a good frontman"* – Ozzy Osbourne, July 1982.

AT THE RISK of incurring a lava flow of mail,let me state right upfront that Ronnie Dio (seventh only in *Kerrang's* 'male singer' poll for '82) looks, on current form, the most accomplished vocalist on the heavy rock scene.

A provocative claim certainly, but with Coverdale short on strong, class material (see the 'Saints An' Sinners' LP) and Gillan in need of a quick credibility boost (see last issue's John McCoy feature), the way has been left clear for his pretentious/distinctive grand-scale style, a mystical, mind-at-work tack best described as . . . *Dioesque.*

What this means in hard listening terms I'll touch on later; for the moment, suffice it to say that a Dio melody is seldom short of epic, and a Dio lyric rarely concerned with the standard booze/birds/backstage aspects of the rock'n'roll lifestyle.

His is a more magnanimous approach – nothing to do with Heavy Metal and its numbskull implications, he insists – reflected over the years in the material he's helped craft. With Rainbow, the likes of 'Starstruck', 'Kill The King', 'Gates Of Babylon' and, of course, 'Stargazer' (greatest heavy rock number of all time, etc.), and with Sabbath 'Neon Knights', 'Voodoo', 'Children Of The Sea' and 'Heaven And Hell'.

Not bad, eh? And there's more to come . . . to this list of combustibles can now be added such fresh, though soon to be familiar, titles as 'Holy Diver', 'Invisible', 'Rainbow In The Dark' and 'Shame On The Night', the four prime cuts from Dio's new 'Holy Diver' album, the finest of the man's career.

Oh dear. I can see early Rainbow fans shaking their heads, copies of 'Rising' held flush with heaving flesh. But I can assure such outraged parties that this particular conclusion was not arrived at lightly, being the end result of many midnight hours of trial and analysis.

With a full moon shining overhead and buckets of dry-ice placed strategically around the turntable, the records in question – separated by a seven year span, remember – were spun back to back, my notes informing me that, while 'Rising' proved hard to beat on the 'spinal reaction' front, in terms of production, vocal prowess and unity of purpose, it was'Dio' all the way.

Some pundits felt that the latter opus would simply be a showcase for the wee man's ego, familiar flights of fantasy propped up no more than adequately by hired session hands. But it's plain from the off that what we have here is a genuine *band* – a group of lively, talented musicians willing to play under the 'Dio' banner yet in no way stifled, subdued or secondary.

On drums there's Vinnie Appice, formerly of course with Sabbath, on bass/occasional keyboards Jimmy Bain, an old Rainbow pal of Ronnie's last seen with Wild Horses, Phil Lynott and The Scorpions (see *Mayhem*), and on guitar Vivian Campbell, a 21 year old from Belfast, confident in his own ability and determined to keep a goodly distance from all combos suffering the plague-like scourge of (Eddie Van) Halitosis.

Ronnie's clearly the man in charge – he produced the album, assisted by former Sabbath engineer Angelo Arcuri, wrote all the lyrics and melodies and, along with wife/manager Wendy, picks up the bills – but each member has a vital, vested interest in the project's success and is consulted accordingly.

Indeed, were weakness to be found in the musical foundations supplied by Dio the band, Dio the man might as well not bother. But, as it is, Messrs. Appice, Bain and Campbell prove eminently compatible, combining to bring out the imagery inherent in the lyrics and produce an essentially British-sounding release.

Fusing the more riotous aspects of early Rainbow ('Stand Up And Shout') with the measured, 'size twelve' stomping of latter day Sabbath ('Holy Diver'), each of the nine tracks is a mini-drama, a masterstroke of melody and might, packed to perfection with rhythm section poke and lustily smote powerchords left to die a distant, natural death. Along with ZZ Top's 'Eliminator', one of the best *rock* albums released so far this year . . .

TO THIS POINT, you'll note, I've made precious little mention of Sabbath. An intentional move. After all, Ronnie's initial response to the 'little Hitler' accusations of Iommi/Butler, accusations that labelled him the sort who dons jackboots and 'tache to order an extra pinta from the milkman, was detailed in an earlier issue. Besides which, I reckon most fair-minded Sabs fans are heartily sick of the claims and counter-claims put forward by the fractured parties in this particular bust-up.

In fairness, though, it wasn't Dio who cast the first fighting pebble, so best to allow him one further blast, then press on . . .

"I never tried to take over Black Sabbath", he says in record-straightening tones. "I never felt that it was my band. It's just that where you have weak characters the strong are always gonna surface. I mean, I never really heard Geezer (Butler) make any decision other than to have another pint!"

Ronnie, ably supported morally by both Bain and Campbell, sips something white and German and, oblivious to the efforts of a West End wine bar waitress to dislodge us from our accommodating corner, firmly denies withholding material from Sabbath or pursuing his solo project while 'Live Evil' was still being mixed.

"To me," he says, Bain nodding in agreement, "the whole situation smacks of a group of unintelligent people who got together and decided they had to make up a story to cover themselves."

Originally, Ronnie's intention had been to record a solo album from within the Sabbath ranks, and plans were at one stage laid for Vinnie Appice and brother Carmine to hammer away in unison on a particular track. But, once separate from BS, he decided it was time to piece together a *bona fide* band.

To this end, he and Vinnie set to work in Los Angeles, bringing in guitarist Jake E. Lee (then with locally based Rough Cut) for a short while before transferring operations to London to find the British musicians the singer particularly wanted.

Having sustained a friendship with Bain since Rainbow days (the two jammed together at the Lyceum when Jimmy was in Wild Horses), Ronnie called him up straight away and found, to his luck, that the itinerant bassist had just finished touring with Phil Lynott. That link renewed, Bain set off in search of a suitable guitarist, the final element . . .

"I was in Dublin rehearsing with Phil and I was looking for Viv but I couldn't find him. So I asked the engineer at the studio we were in and he said: 'he'll be here tomorrow afternoon' – that's how I found him.

"I got him to give me a tape and a couple of days later when I met Ronnie I played it to him. We rang Viv at five in the morning, then got together for a blow."

This hastily organised jam took a large bite out of the early hours, by which time it was clear a new alliance had been forged ("if it's magic, it doesn't take long to tell" – Jimmy Bain). Viv, understandably nervous at playing in such celebrated company and feeling there was no chance he'd land the job anyway, simply relaxed and let rip. Dio had found his man . . .

"His chord playing was the thing," he recalls. "Americans seem to be very fiddly, they don't play big, rousing powerchords and have great fields of accent, but Viv has that because he's a British player brought up in that tradition. And as for his solos . . .as far as I'm concerned, they should put him in the ranks of soon-to-be Guitar Heroes because I think they're brilliant!"

WITH PERSONNEL picked, it was time to rehearse and get something down on vinyl. Initially, Ronnie toyed with the idea of recording at the Record Plant in the heart of LA but, put off somewhat by the Hollywood hangers-on that pass through its portals, booked time instead at the more out of the way Sound City, a studio used by such AOR legends as Tom Petty, Fleetwood Mac, Quarterflash and Rick Springfield.

Including rehearsal periods and the time it took Ted Nugent (an unexpected visitor) to finish his opening sentence, the album came together in about four months, with Dio taking customary care over his lyrics, sadly not reproduced on the inner sleeve.

To some, of course, it's all just aimless waffle, a barrel-load of bullshit designed to baffle rather than enlighten, but those prepared to take their imagination for a run should find something on offer within Dio's blatantly escapist, rose-tinged philosophy.

"My lyrics usually have a lot of different meanings," he explains. "Whoever listens to them can believe whatever they want. Why should I shove something down someone's throat?

"I tend to write in romantic terms relating to medieval times – King Arthur, knights and all that kind of thing. Even though they didn't have toilets then, it was still a wonderful, imaginative age when chivalry was rampant and all the ladies beautiful. They probably had shit running down

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**From page 18**

their legs but you couldn't see it under the marvellous gowns.

"I don't consider myself a poet or anything, mind. I'm not Bob Dylan, Billy Shakespeare, Shelley or Keats, but I do like lyrics that show you've worked at something."

Sensitive of soul and lofty of spirit, with a palate for good wine and a pocket for fine art (he's currently proud owner of two paintings by Dali. Price? Don't ask!), Dio likes to temper his brand of mayhem with some cerebral activity, an interesting blend that, despite the attentions of the excellent ZZ Top, might well steal the show – PA/weather permitting – at this year's Donington mud-spree.

Certainly, no band there will have a stronger repertoire to draw from as, in view of the background of present personnel, he plans to spice his set of freshly-penned originals with a selection of tunes from his name-making Rainbow/Sabbath days.

'Man On The Silver Mountain' will definitely feature, 'Starstruck' is a possible and 'Stargazer', or snatches of it at least, a very strong probable. While from his later Black period it looks likely that 'Neon Knights', 'Children Of The Sea' and 'Heaven And Hell', in part, will make their presence felt. And (yipee!) there won't be any extended solos to endure.

"The version of 'Heaven And Hell' on the 'Live Evil' album is a great thing to go to sleep to as far as I'm concerned," says Ronnie. "It's just too long and very, very self-indulgent."

At the moment, Castle Donington is the only confirmed gig for the band, based to all intents and purposes in LA. But Dio hopes to precede this appearance with a few warm-up dates and follow it with a full-blown European tour, hitting the UK in September and including visits to Germany, N. Italy, France, Holland, Scandinavia and probably Ireland, where the plan would be to play both Dublin and Belfast.

There might even be a one-off showing at the Marquee before the year is out, but all of this depends to a large extent on whether the album cuts daisies or shoots for the stars.

My money, as if you need to be told, is on the ascendant option, and I've similarly high hopes for the next LP which, according to Dio, will probably go in "stranger directions, perhaps more in line with early Rainbow, because that's really the kind of texture I like most."

Blackmore, the anger of his first post-Purple days long evaporated, won't follow that path any more. Dio clearly will. I wonder (he asks rhetorically) who'll get the most support . . .

*"Long live rock and roll"* – Ronnie Dio, 1978.

**DANTE BONUTTO**

***"The version of 'Heaven And Hell' on the 'Live Evil' album is a great thing to go to sleep to as far as I'm concerned"* – Ronnie Dio**

***DIO BAND (from left): Jimmy Bain, Ronnie Dio, Vivian Campbell and (hiding behind tree) Vinnie Appice.***

# SINGLES

reviewed by
XAVIER
'Wild Turkey'
RUSSELL

**QUEENSRŸCHE: 'Queen Of The Reich' (206 Records inc.)**
Perhaps the greatest single of all time. Queensrÿche are gonna be huge if they're given the right breaks and taken seriously. This is class-A American Metal with a superb vocalist in Geoff Tate, whose vocal range has to be heard to be believed, and the twin leads give this four-tracker that Judas Priest gone American sound. Ten out of Ten.

**TAKASHI: 'Kamikaze Killers' (Mongol Horde)**
No, not another Jap-Metal band. Takashi hail from Bellmore, New York, and quite an amusing bunch they are too. They pose and dress like Twisted Sister but, musically speaking, are completely different from Dee and Co. Nope, Takashi are more along the lines of Silverwing and Leppard, especially on the track 'Playboy Girls'.

**JESS COX BAND: 'Bridges' (Neat)**
My tip for '83 have come up trumps here – so what if the production is a bit suspect. Mind you, the *Kerrang!* office stereo is hardly the place to review a single.

Jess Cox's vocals have always been a bit Stonesy, but I think he's overdone it on the rockin' 'Bridges'. The flip side, meanwhile, is reminiscent of AC/DC, in the riffs dept. anyway. Bonutto gave it the thumbs down, but I go along with the Neat monicker and give this delightful 45 the thumbs-up. Look forward to the LP lads!

**STAMPEDE: 'The Other Side' (Polydor)**
Stampede are one of those bands that are fab on disc, but sadly always very disappointing live. A good 'un this, and very American sounding; thanks must surely go to Nick Tauber who's brought the best out of Archer and the boys.

The B-side really stands out with the axework of L. Archer surprisingly good. A very Suterian single.

**J.J'S POWERHOUSE: 'Running For The Line' (Sillysbin)**
A right ol' racket from another man named Cox. J.J.'s Powerhouse were formerly known as Quad, an equally silly name. J.J. Cox is quite an impressive guitarist, and if you're into the Maiden/Motorhead sound then the Powerhouse will be your bag. 'Blackrods' is a delightful slice of hack 'n' thrash Metal and very similar to Frisco's finest, Metallica.

**AIRBRIDGE: 'Words And Pictures' (Rattees Records)**
Very Domesque. In other words, rather silly prog-rock, though that doesn't stop this being an appealing single. Quite clever arrangements, coupled with some interesting synth work from one Stephen Bennett, and let's not forget the guitar from Count Lorenzo. A must for early Yes and ELP fans. For the over thirties only!

QUEENSRŸCHE: class-A American metal

**BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: 'Just A Day Away' (Polydor)**
I must confess I've never been that keen on BJH – too wimpy for these battered old ears. Still, it has to be said this is a fairly pleasant, inoffensive single. 'Just A Day Away' is a clever rip-off of REO Spudwagon and Fleetwood Mac merged, while the flip 'Rock 'N' Roll Lady', has touches of Heart about it. One for the American market.

**GRAND PRIX: 'Give Me What's Mine' (Chrysalis)**
Not too much to get worked up about here. It's about time someone told Grand Prix the race is over, as Last Flight are undoubtedly the new gods when it comes to an English band trying to sound American, in the Journey/Styx mould.

**GEDDES AXE: 'Escape From New York' (Bullet Records)**
I seem to recall escaping to the bar the last time I heard this toon. But this tacky, though enjoyable, 12-incher is a vast improvement on the 'live' version. A word of advice, however – Tony Rose the howler should try and sound less like Joe Elliot next time out.

The flip side contains a follow up to 'The Day The Walls Came Tumbling Down' (I wonder who penned that one?) entitled 'The Day The Wells Ran Dry', which is obviously a tribute to Geoff Banks.

**LIPSERVICE: 'Pulled By A Thousand Strings' (Pang Records)**
Not to be confused with the English Lipservice, this lot hail from Stockholm, and a pretty predictable bunch they are too. Yes, you've guessed it, they enjoy trying to sound English, and fail miserably. In fact, the only thing that saves the Swedes is the axework of Svein Grostad (no, not Halfin's ol' man, you fools), which at least tries to remain original.


**THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID LAST YEAR**

**"HARD ROCK WITH A STRONG MELODIC BACKBONE . . . STAMPEDE DEFINITELY HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO SUCCEED ON A WIDE FRONT".**
PAUL SUTER KERRANG

**"DEFINITELY ONE OF THE BEST HM BANDS TO COME MY WAY THIS YEAR".**
GUERNSEY EVENING PRESS

**"IT MAKES YOU WONDER WHAT THIS MOB ARE CAPABLE OF WHEN THEY GET TOGETHER A PROPER ALBUM".**
MARK PUTTERFORD SOUNDS

**THIS IS IT**

polydor

New Album and Cassette

# "...LET THERE BE DRUMS..."

**CHRIS WELCH concludes his two-part survey of the All-Time Top Ten Drummers of Rock. And on the next pages he writes in depth about the greatest of them all . . .**

## 5 Phil Collins

SUBTLE, INVENTIVE and constantly improving, Phil, the self-confessed workaholic, reached his high drumming standards by constant experiment, and by listening hard to his own efforts. He attained a steady lead among British drummers a long time ago and was playing with a consistent brilliance right from the earliest days of Genesis.

Phil plays the way he sings, with urgency and deep-felt emotion. But his approach to the kit has always been strangely unorthodox. He sets up his drums and cymbals at odd angles, and sitting behind one of his low-slung kits is like attempting to climb into the cockpit of a high powered speed boat. It's certainly a good way to prevent the dreaded 'sitters-in'.

Although Phil has developed his singing role to superstar status and calls upon old pals like Bill Bruford and Chester Thompson to share drumming duties with Genesis, he is still dedicated to his first love. He took up drumming at the age of five with a toy kit and later swopped a train set for some real drums.

He taught himself to play with the aid of a mirror and some records. But he also went for 'proper' lessons and, once again, it was 'the rudiments' that gave Phil the ammunition to play all the styles he wanted, whether jazz-rock with Brand X or sturdy session work with a huge variety of performers including, most recently, Robert Plant.

There's no doubt Phil admired Bill Bruford's early work with Yes, and in Genesis he brought out his own approach to dynamic 'big band' playing, using light and shade and delicate cymbal work contrasting with thunderous drum explosions. Such playing helped to enhance works like 'The Return Of The Giant Hogweed', 'Watcher Of The Skies' and 'Apocalypse In 9/8' on 'Supper's Ready'.

He can thrash with symphonic thunder and also hold down the tightest, funkiest beat as is clear on more recent works like 'Abacab'.

After a decade of hard work Phil Collins can now perhaps afford a moment or two of contentment. He probably feels he is only at the beginning of his new career. But I hope he never forsakes the drums.

THE GEAR: Phil plays Pearl drums with a Camco snare drum and Zildjian, Sabian and Paiste cymbals.

## 4 Brian Downey

BRIAN IS one of the best two-footed drummers on the road and, during his years with Thin Lizzy, he has given sterling service to his old mate Phil Lynott, providing block-busting solos and a driving, relentless beat. Like Ted McKenna and Barriemore Barlow of Jethro Tull, Brian has not always had his fair share of fame. But those who know, including most of his fellow drummers, appreciate his ability.

He was at school with Phil and their first band together was called The Black Eagles. Brian has a quiet personality away from his drum-kit and for a while had to drop out of the group owing to illness (he was replaced by Mark Nauseef of the early Gillan band). But fortunately he was with them when they recorded their double 'live' album 'Live And Dangerous', which has a complete example of an excellent Downey solo on 'Sha La La'.

Drummers tend not to record their solos for fear of giving all their tricks away, but this particular one sounds good anytime, with its straightforward, no-nonsense approach. He sustains a constant double beat on his bass drums then, like an express train heading for the terminus on time, maintains a steady 60 miles an hour slowing down for a grand climax amidst clouds of steam and a squealing of brakes. By keeping a steady pace, Brian is able to make use of 'phasing' on the PA system, a sort of Doppler effect, as his train of drums rattles through.

Brian's drumming always flows, whether he is backing a ballad or a Celtic rocker. He makes his work sound deceptively easy, but that happy state is part of the art.

Brian has for a long time favoured the big set up with a large gong and an array of cymbals, some of them tilted at crazy angles, high above his head. For many years he played Rogers, one of the best known American drums, but like many other top players in recent years, he's now turned Japanese.

THE GEAR: Tama Superstar drums in natural wood finish. Two 22 inch bass drums, 16 inch floor tom, 18 inch floor tom, 10 and 13 inch hanging toms, 14 inch Timbale, 14 inch Pearl snare drum. Rogers hardware including the bass drum pedals and hi-hat, plus two 12 inch Simmons snare drums.

Brian's cymbals include a 22 inch Zildjian ride, two 18 inch crash ride cymbals, and two 14 inch hi-hats, with a 24 inch Paiste China type and three foot Paiste gong.

## 3 Ian Paice

ONE OF the most enthusiastic and speedy young drummers to blast his way into the Seventies was Ian Paice, whose work with Deep Purple became a byword for dazzling dexterity.

Ian has a wonderful snare drum technique built on a thorough understanding of 'rudiments', those mysterious patterns that all drummers argue about at great length. As Ian says: 'don't let anyone fool you – they are there for a purpose'. And the rudiments are designed to give just the kind of facility Ian has attained. Hailed as one of the world's finest players, he is currently utilising his talents to the full in the Gary Moore Band after a few years with ex-Purple mates in Whitesnake.

Although it sometimes sounds like he is playing two bass drums, Ian has always been a single drum man, and is one of the few who can demonstrate the same kind of footwork used by John Bonham. Ian has the unique ability to 'dance' around his kit, using the shuffle beat on Purple classics like 'Strange Kind Of Woman', more like a bouncing ball than a leaden thud. Ian's big solo used to be 'The Mule' and he still features a devastating showcase with Gary.

Like Carl Palmer he was and remains a Buddy Rich man, who knows what wonders can be wrought from the wrists, without the need to flail arms like a wood chopper.

Ian remains very much a drummer's drummer. He doesn't go in for effects, preferring to rely on the traditional music of the drum-kit to get his own personal kicks and satisfaction. His explosive use of cymbals on Purple classics like 'Black Night' and slick urging behind the band left fans breathless with excitement.

THE GEAR: Ian played Ludwig drums for many years, then recently switched to Pearl. His Pearl stage kit consists of a 26 inch bass drum, 6½ inch metal snare drum, 8 x 10, 12 x 8, 13 x 9, 14 x 12, 15 x 12 and 18 x 16 tom toms. His drums have 8-ply Maple wood shells and he uses Pearl hardware and a Premier 250 bass drum pedal.

Ian uses all Paiste 2002 cymbals including 15 inch Sound Edge hi-hat cymbals, 22 inch crash, 24 inch medium, 22 inch ride, 22 inch China type. His studio kit is the same except he uses Birch shell drums and a 24 inch bass drum.

## 2 Bill Bruford

BILL BROUGHT a shining freshness to rock drumming when his talents first became apparent with Yes, and since those pioneering days he has consistently played with a challenging zeal.

For Bill the art of drumming is all about music and imagination and not just technique for its own sake. He has never been a showman, and yet when he sits behind a kit Bruford becomes a focal point. He can be a driving force, an interpreter of themes and an inspiration to his colleagues to play more and with greater awareness. These are the qualities much prized by Robert Fripp, with whom he has worked for so many years in King Crimson – stable now for the past three years – and admired by so many other players.

It was Bill who, back in 1969, first showed how a rock drummer could play like a big band man, altering tempos and rhythms within the space of a few bars, not just relying on a slogging offbeat, but using his drums and cymbals complete dynamic range, from a shout to a whisper. Nowhere was this new versatility shown to better advantage than on Yes arrangements like 'Every Little Thing' and 'I See You' where Bill's jazz influenced left-hand independence and precision attack were perfect for the band's 'new sound'.

It was a tragedy when Bruford left Yes – the band's music never had the same lightness and flexibility again. Bill's style opened many eyes, and it wasn't a coincidence that after playing clever arrangements like 'Harold Land' with Yes, he was in later years invited to join Genesis. But Bill had to leave Yes – he wanted wider experience in many different musical settings, from National Health to U.K.

Dedicated to all aspects of drumming, he once revealed that he even found the smell of drums attractive (a sort of musty plastic aroma, intermingled with dust, beer and resin).

The crisp roll on closed hi-hats, the sharp, barking snare drum have long been Bruford trademarks but, as ever, Bill is at the forefront of developments and uses today what he calls 'a bisexual kit', part electronic and part acoustic. "I have the electronic drums monitored and coming back to me over my right shoulder. It's a most unpleasant experience – I wouldn't recommend it." The rest of the drums are regular steam powered.

Bill is currently rehearsing for a new King Crimson LP and is also looking forward to doing some jazz work.

THE GEAR: Tama drums comprising 22 inch bass drum, 6½ inch snare drum, 14 inch Remo Roto Tom and a 22 inch 'Gong' tom tom, with six Tama boobams.

PLUS: Five Simmons electronic drum pads with electronic bass drum and pedal. Cymbals are all Paiste and comprise a 22 inch heavy ride, 18 inch medium crash, 18 inch crash, 20 inch China type and 16 inch crash.

***"They used to tell me, 'Turn it down, turn it down!' Oh, they hated me in the clubs!"***

## 1 John Bonham

**JOHN 'BONZO' BONHAM crashed into the rock scene with such violence in 1969 that many drummers literally gave up when they saw him at work. When Led Zeppelin came to London and played at the Marquee, one up and coming drummer said: "He's so bloody heavy!" and promptly turned in his sticks to become a singer.**

**John appeared to epitomise the loud, thoughtless slogger, simply because he played so much louder than anybody else. But it swiftly became obvious, as Led Zeppelin fought for recognition, that he was escalating rock drumming into a new era. Although he played at what then seemed a shockingly violent pitch, he was playing with skill and passion. Everything was for a purpose.**

**The big 26 inch bass drum gave a huge, thunderous beat that underpinned and contrasted with Robert and Jimmy's screaming high notes. The deep snare drum and tom toms gave a cavernous, cathedral-like echo to the gothic splendour of epics like 'Dazed And Confused' and all the classics on the group's first few albums.**

**Coupled with the powerful, physical force which Bonham applied to the drums was a single-minded desire to play only what was needed in the right places. He'd leave yawning empty spaces, touch lightly on the cymbal tops, then pile in with a series of devastating avalanches from the full kit. His right foot on the bass drum pedal on tunes like 'Good Times, Bad Times' bounced with a dexterity unknown in rock.**

**John could display all his skill and pent up energy on his famous solo, 'Moby Dick', when he often played with bare hands, leaving them cut and bleeding, a performance usually rewarded by Robert Plant proferring him a banana. But Bonzo took his solos seriously, and was filled with tension beforehand, like a soldier awaiting orders to 'go over the top'.**

**Reflecting his personality, John's drumming was direct, bluff and honest.**

**THE GEAR: John Bonham always played Ludwig drums and his kit consisted of a 26 inch bass drum (with a spare tuned the same way), 5½ inch deep snare drum with 42 strand snares, a 16 x 16 inch top mounted tom tom and 16 x 18 inch floor toms.**

**He used Paiste cymbals including 16 inch Sound Edge hi-hats, a 24 inch ride and 16, 18, 20 and 22 inch crash cymbals. He used a 36 inch Paiste gong and two timpani drums, one fitted with a pedal.**

**He didn't use any syndrums, but on his 1976 recording of 'Moby Dick' at Montreux, Switzerland, he used Barcus Berry pick-ups taped to all his drum heads. "We spent three weeks doing it," says John's old drum roadie Mick Hinton, who kindly supplied the above information.**

# JOHN BONHAM

## by Chris Welch

JOHN HENRY Bonham thundered through life with all the speed and bombast of his playing. And yet there was a soft streak to the loud and cheerful drummer. Famed for his riotous escapades, there was a quiet man cloaked by a bluff exterior and his values and views were solid and old fashioned.

He once sat with me in a steaming German night club, packed with assorted drag queens, gays and gangsters and grumbled: "What a world . . . there's nowhere for a decent bloke like you or me to buy a pint of beer."

The night spot was the sort of place that Led Zeppelin frequented after a heavy schedule of concerts and, during a German tour back in the Seventies, I was lucky enough to hitch a ride on the road with the band, seeing how they coped with the pressures at first hand.

Before a gig John became increasingly quiet and withdrawn. It was hard to believe, but the iron man from Redditch, Worcester, who had brought a muscular, domineering new authority to rock drumming, was often a bag of nerves. For all his drinking, joking and bellowing, he was immensely proud of his role in the band and took his job very seriously.

Night after night the band played two or three hour concerts, and Bonzo not only had to sustain the pressure behind classics like 'Whole Lotta Love', 'Black Dog', 'Communication Breakdown', 'Good Times, Bad Times' and 'Immigrant Song'; he also had to build up excitement to order on his solo, 'Moby Dick'.

Once he got underway he was happy, and the cheers and standing ovation he usually received restored his confidence and sustained him for the next bout in another town, another flight away. But the nerves did not just extend to pre gig tension.

He hated flying and would disappear towards the gents in the tailplane whenever the Boeing 727 began to pitch and yaw in the turbulence. He would fight off his inner fears with a drink and he'd become a much more explosive personality, aiming the odd punch at Robert Plant, when his old friend took the mickey out of him once too often.

But if John hadn't been loud and uncompromising, then he probably wouldn't have risen beyond his Midlands environment.

Born on May 31, 1949, he played with bands like Terry and the Spiders, and Steve Brett and the Mavericks. In Birmingham, he first played with Robert in The Band Of Joy and Crawling King Snakes. The story goes that Jimmy Page originally wanted B.J. Wilson to drum with his new group, Led Zeppelin, but was persuaded to use Bonham by Plant. Oddly enough, Bonzo had to be urged by Robert to take up the challenge, because he had only just settled into backing American singer Tim Rose who was touring Britain in 1968.

Before he hit the big time, John often ran into a barrage of complaints: "They used to tell me, 'Turn it down, turn it down!' Oh, they hated me in the clubs!" But he didn't care. He played Ludwig drums tuned to produce a big hollow sound and, although he used just one bass drum, it was always the biggest he could find.

**"I get terrible bad nerves . . . I worry about playing badly"**

Armed with a ferocious right foot to match arms and hands toughened by brick laying and other labouring pursuits, he lambasted the drums. But it wasn't just slogging.He had an amazing grace and agility as well.

Playing the drums on a long Zeppelin concert was like a work out in the gym and he'd drip sweat and even blood when he played a passage with bare hands and cut them on the hi-hat cymbals. He was master of the heavy rock drum break, bringing in all his fire power at the last possible second and then making every beat count.

He took some of this from Carmine Appice who had caused a sensation with Vanilla Fudge and Bonham was always generous in his praise of Carmine. But there was a fresh exuberance about John's playing that was entirely his own and nobody else could have interpreted the themes of Plant, Page and John Paul Jones with such skill and passion.

The first time I saw him play was at The Marquee at one of the earliest Zeppelin gigs. People all around me were raving about his drumming, particularly other drummers, like Mark Ashton of Rare Bird.

My first reaction was unfavourable. I thought his playing crude and unnecessarily violent and, as a Ginger Baker fan, didn't really believe anybody else had the right to play 'heavy'. But I was converted to his playing after hearing the first Zep album while lying abed one night; suddenly I became aware of all the subtleties and great sounds that were coming out. It was a bit like Paul on the road to Damascus experiencing the blinding light of conversion.

From then on came the succession of early gigs that all Zeppelin fans from that era remember with an inner amazement. Bath Festival, The Lyceum, The Royal Albert Hall and then Wembley Arena in 1971 when it cost a mere 75p for a ticket!

Zeppelin were thrilled with their success, especially when they conquered America, and if at times they acted like errant schoolboys, they could hardly be blamed, as the money poured in and the cheers rang in their ears. I remember seeing Robert make a grand entry into a crowded posh hotel bar by cartwheeling across the floor, sofa, armchairs and guests.

But from mere pent up exuberance they developed the art of raving and looning into a sort of creative pasttime. One of the most famous 'lost afternoons' began one lunch time at the Coach and Horses pub in Poland Street where John presided over a gathering of roadies and special guest star boozers, Stan Webb of Chicken Shack and Glen Cornick of Jethro Tull.

They began drinking a special concoction of Vodka and Scotch that cost £1.50 a glass (a fortune in days of yore), and

*continues page 26*

pic by David Redfern

# THE GREATEST

began to plot mayhem. Zeppelin's publicist Bill Harry, a long suffering soul, saw danger signas and fled back to his office around the corner. He heard that they planned to tie him to a rope and hang him upside down out of the window. He wisely locked the door and listened with fear and dread as doors were broken down and furniture strewn down the stairs.

Feeling thwarted in their pursuit of Bill Harry, Bonham and Webb set upon the managing director of Chrysalis Records and bound him from the neck down in Sellotape, until he was mummified, and then dumped wriggling and helpless on the pavement in Oxford Street.

Perhaps the mummy reminded them of the Middle East, for they then decided to rush down to Covent Garden and hire a set of Arab outfits from a theatrical costumiers. Suitably blacked up they adjourned to the Prince of Wales pub where they terrified lady customers by raising their robes to reveal naked loins.

Meanwhile John Bonham booked the party of fake Arab princes into the Maharajah suite of the Mayfair Hotel, Cabbies and hotel porters saluted the visiting potentates, imagining some oil-riches might flow their way. The suite was decorated with a stuffed tiger, rich tapestries and priceless furniture. On their way up to this splendid setting, they raised their robes once more in front of some visiting American blue rinse women, who promptly set about them with umbrellas.

Inside the suite John ordered fifty steaks for his chums and within minutes of their arrival, the steaks were flying around the room and much damage was caused to the tiger and a colour telly. The party was ejected and subsequently John was black listed and barred from all the major hotels in London. The wandering Arabs eventually ended up in their by now bedraggled robes in the Speakeasy where the hardened customers totally ignored them.

And there was even more outrage in America, from riding motorcycles down hotel corridors to putting sharks in the hotel baths. Lord Sutch was one of the victims of a Zeppelin party prank, waking up to find himself in a bedroom underwater. Anyone who took the job of publicist (after Bill Harry wisely retired from the fray) was inevitably thrown into a swimming pool, especially if he was unwise enough to turn up wearing a bright green velvet suit.

John's temper sometimes got the better of him and when he found he couldn't get the BBC on a German hotel music console he destroyed the entire unit. But mercifully whenever I was in his company he remained a warm, generous and friendly host.

The last time I had a drink with John he was in his favourite pub a few miles from the farm he owned in the heart of the Worcestershire countryside. He took to farming with the same enthusiasm he had for drumming, and it tickled him to mix with the landed gentry and hunstmen most of whom he vowed "were pickled on port in their saddles".

If he went over the top on the road, at home he was a happy family man, somewhat in awe of his son who played the drums in the lounge with Zeppelin-ish power. John bought his farm in 1972 – a retreat from the madness of the rock world, only a few miles away from Robert Plant's place.

At home he could store some of the spoils from his trips round the world, like the 150 mph show car and a 1954 two-door Ford with an eight litre engine. Said John with a grin: "You get guys coming past in a sports car who think it's an old banger, until I put my foot down."

John admitted to me about his problem of pre gig nervousness. 'I've got worse – terrible bad nerves all the time. Once we start into "Rock And Roll" I'm fine. I just can't stand sitting around and I worry about playing badly, and if I do, then I'm really pissed off. If I play well . . . I feel great. I daren't drink before a gig because I'll get tired and blow it. So I sit drinking tea in a caravan with everybody saying "Far out man".

When John died on September 25, 1980, at Jimmy Page's home in Windsor, there was much speculation about whether another drummer could be brought in to replace him in the way The Who replaced Keith Moon with Kenney Jones.

But there was no one who could ever replace Bonzo in the Zeppelin driving seat, and just a couple of months later the group broke up, issuing the final statement: *'We wish it to be known that the loss of our dear friend and the deep sense of undivided harmony felt by ourselves, and our manager, have led us to decide that we could not continue as we were'.*

Without Bonzo the song could never be the same . . .




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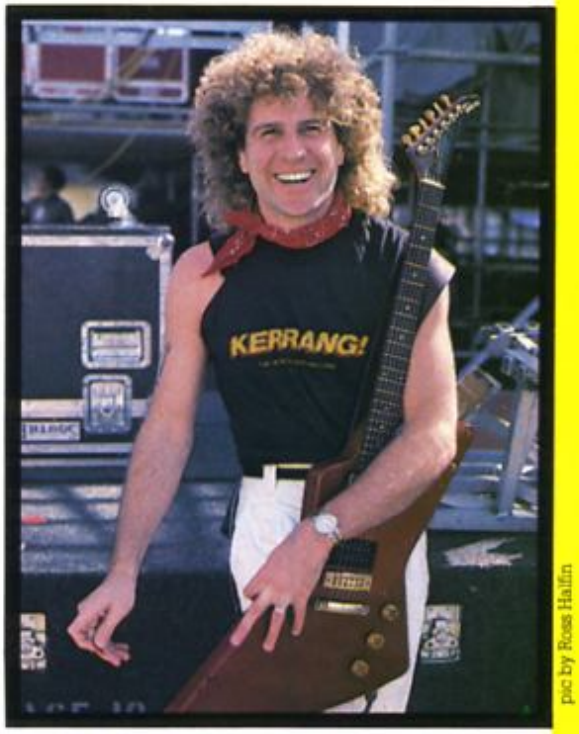
Aerosmith's STEVEN TYLER sports matching shades with tee-shirt.

pic by Ross Halfin

SAMMY HAGAR takes up the 'rockstar flight-case' pose in his sleeveless sweatshirt




pic by Ross Halfin

Anvil's LIPS contemplates chainsawing the sleeves from his sweatshirt.

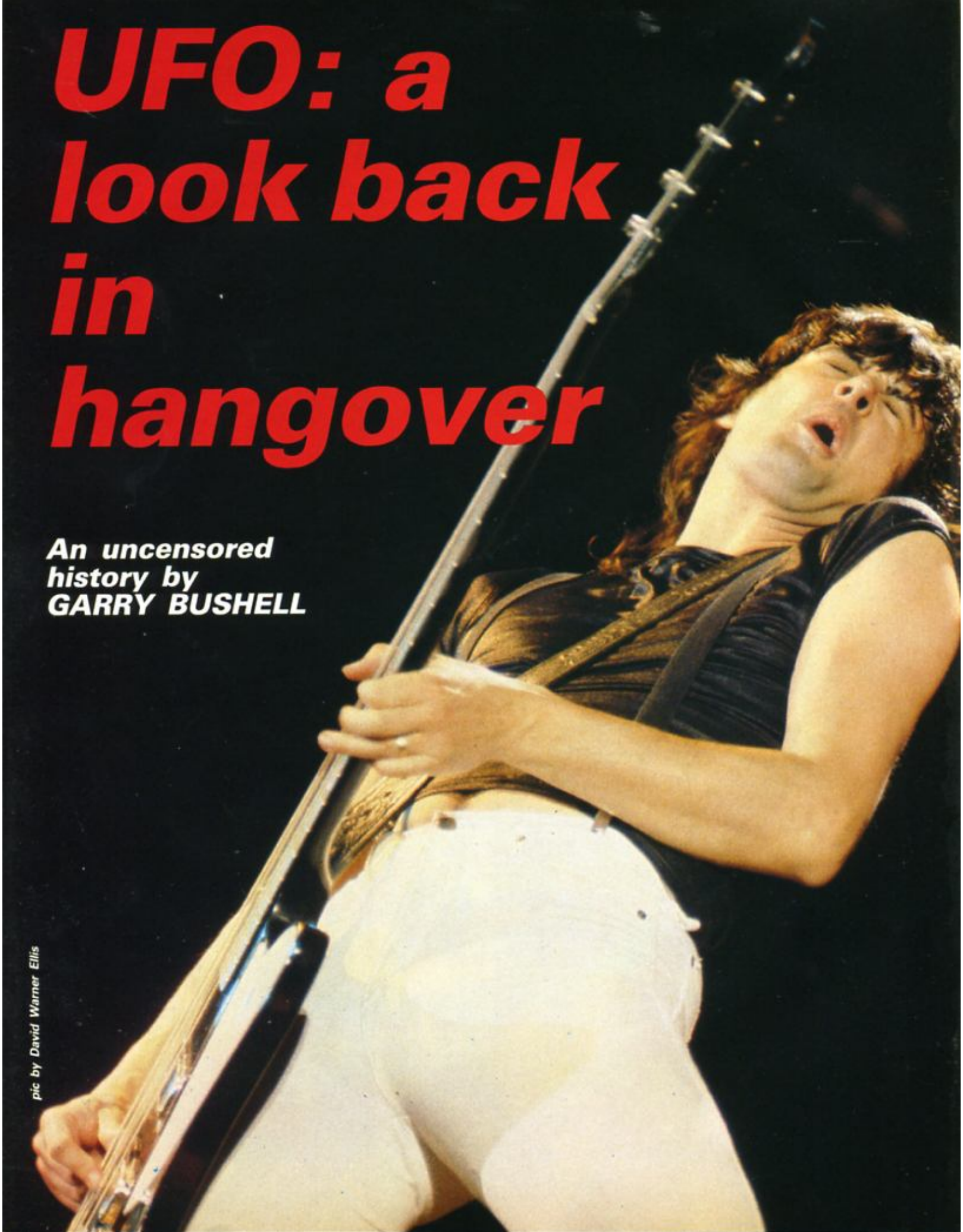
pic by Ross Halfin

Raven's MARK GALLAGHER wonders what happened to the sleeves on his sleeveless sweatshirt.

pic by Ray Palmer

# UFO: a look back in hangover

**An uncensored history by GARRY BUSHELL**



pic by David Warner Ellis

*"We call ourselves the shower, all these other bands do everything perfect, sort of like James Bond, but everything we arrange goes to cock."* **Pete Way on UFO.**

*"Pete Way? That man's brain does not function."* **Michael Schenker on Pete Way.**

*"Our stance has always been an easy one. We're escapists, you could call us the arsehole movement."* **Phil Mogg on UFO.**

*"I didn't feel comfortable with Phil Mogg, it was a horror for me. The first time you meet him he seems like a nice guy. After a while though I changed my mind. He was always hitting people."* **Michael Schenker on Phil Mogg.**

*"Them guys are crazy man. Cray-zee! They're the biggest bunch of jerks ah've ever met. They're animals. Ah ain't having them fouling up mah bus!"* **'Tennessee' Roman Reynold, tour bus driver, on UFO.**

CRAZY ESCAPISTS, brainless animals, drunken jerks . . . call UFO what you will (after all, everyone else has) but one thing you'll never change is their legacy. UFO were one of the greats of British hard rock, and, unlike many, their passing is more a time for mourning than yawning.

At their best, which was live and dangerous, UFO were master craftsmen, proffering a genuinely thrilling blend of muscle and melody, a cut above the thud and blunder blandola of

*continues over*

*From previous page*

most banal riffola merchants. Above all, they had class.

To tell the UFO story in toto would necessitate spanning three decades of serious gigging, good to iffy album releases, and the usual arid news releases. It's worth doing, but not here. I'd rather relate the *unofficial* UFO story, my drink-hazed memories of reckless adventures and the off-stage wind-ups and fueding which generated their awesomely OTT reputation just as much as the gigs and records ever did.

Where better to begin that with a round-up of the central characters who slogged it out for the low-life limelight over UFO's last four years:-

**Peter Way**, aka Dago, legend in his own lunchtime, bassist, powerhouse producer and wildman. Founder band member who ditched the sinking UFO ship last August to swiftly work through Fastway and Ozzy's Blizzard wizards before arriving at his own hotly-tipped Waysted combo.

No Jaco Pastorious, but a master showman onstage and all-round lovely geezer off. Phil Mogg summed him up thus: "Pete's a good bloke, but he's a bit dim and he's got a big arse. His face is so greasy his first wife used to fry eggs on it, and just look at that colossal chin."

**Phil Mogg**, aka Plug. Tonsil troubador of the first order and, occasionally, a supremely evocative lyricist. Fairly good-looking but cursed with the kind of colossal conk that could easily get him dates with elephants. Quite witty and very outspoken though, ironically, his verdict on Sid Vicious ("a wimp who couldn't take his drugs") makes a fitting epitaph for his own band-wrecking foul-ups.

His pretensions, constant piss-taking and aloof attitude made him notorious for not getting on with other bands. In Ozzy's words: "I can't say a bad thing about that singer 'cos he's never said a fuckin' word to me."

**Andy Parker**, much-maligned, beefy, beat-bashing founder member. Tormented rotten for years by Mogg and Way due to his alleged tightness and the unfortunate fact that an accident of birth left him without a neck. Natch, this deformity led him to be instantly heralded as the pioneer of the 'NNL', that's 'no neck look', by the terrible twins.

**Paul Chapman**, amiable Welsh guitar star, known as 'Tonka' 'cos of his indestructible qualities. Saw active service in the UFO front line before and after Schenker, treading water with the fast degenerating Lone Star between times.

Added new dimensions to the word paralytic and looks permanently like he's just got back from the Charing Cross meth drinkers' annual dinner and dance. Only person to ever drink him under a 3K rig was Phil Lynott's mum, to be sure.

**Neil** 'Weasel' **Carter**, guitars and keyboards, snakey replacement for Paul 'Kipper' Raymond (Now with Waysted), christened 'Kipper 2' by Way. Thought by many to have been recruited simply 'cos his nose is even bigger than Mogg's.

Though a competent musician, he soon replaced Parker as the main butt of Mogg/Way wind-ups under the old regime – but swiftly moved up to mainman status after Mogg's downward spiral began and Way left the band.

**Wilf** 'Beardsman' **Wright**, former UFO manager, known by the band as 'Wandering Wilf' because of his long inexplicable absences, aka 'The Ripper' due to his resemblance to Yorkshire's most fervent misogynist. Now manages new hard rock heroes the Cockney Rejects.

**Carl Leighton-Pope**, né Pope, actor turned agent turned band manager. Jovial blimp-like figure known by his enemies as Rampant-Dope. Recently described by a more successful Metal manager thus: "If managers were like cars, Carl would be a Cortina."

***STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: Moggy and Way. Just why Mogg's wrist is in plaster cannot be discussed in a family newspaper such as this . . .***

**John** 'Knowlesy' **Knowles**, scouse tour manager, devoted his spare time to an in-depth study of every topless bar in the States. Co-star of *Sounds'* disgusting 'Confessions Of A Roadie', none of which can be reprinted in a family newspaper. Friend of the legendary Karen Harvey who's a bit of a sucker for HM bands.

**Ross Halfin**, aka 'Gross Halfwit', aka 'Ratso', fat band mascot and photographer, avid participator in wind-ups and band hospitality (i.e. a ponce and a half). Early UFO mythology held that "Mogg is of high intellect, Way is of low intellect, and Halfin is of no intellect." Now read on . . .

THE SIGHT of Mogg's Willy came as a surprise to me, but a bigger one to the two nice ladies who'd come backstage to present the band with a trophy for selling out the Glasgow Apollo that night. Halfin had jumped on him and unzipped his fly revealing all, just as the women made their entry. It was January 1980 and my first UFO-sightseeing. From here on in it was downhill all the way.

Half an hour later Tonka was trying to murder Mogg by hurling him out of a moving car. But only after the legless leek-basher had leapt all over support band Girl's also moving motor.

Back at the hotel Mogg and Way were engaging in their usual battle of wits, which is much akin to two Biafrans having a tug of war. Mogg's old age (38 at least) was an easy target ("Dad we call him") while Way's lack of sartorial elegance made him prey to savage counter salvoes like "Would you take a man in a dress seriously?"

They were much better working together to wind-up Parker. Hotels were habitually persuaded to flash up greetings like 'Welcome Andy Lout and the No Neck Party', and once inside Andy had to put up with many a strange phone call, none better than the mysterious Brummie who wanted to watch him play with a view to him replacing Bonzo in Led Zeppelin. That night Andy put Robert Plant's name on the guest list for California's Longbeach Arena.

But Mogg was vain enough to be prime gee-up material too. Once in New York, Ross and I gave him a fabricated reader's letter which referred to his nose being 'like Concorde with glandular fever' and other pleasantries. Mogg's flabber was well and truly gasted and he spent about ten minutes peering into a mirror whining that his nose "wasn't that big" and asking everyone who passed through "I'm not ugly, am I?"

Months later in Texas he tried to get his own back and hurl my sylph-like frame into a cool hotel pool. But out of his box on downers and booze (as was to become a more and more common-place occurrence) Mogg was no match for my more sober manoeuvres. I side-stepped, and he went flying face first into the water fully clothed.

Minutes later the dripping drunkard enlisted the aid of Knowlesy to try a similar stunt on Ross, but even this wart-encrusted wally was more than a match for them, sending Moggy flying to bruise his balls badly on the pool ridge while Knowlesy collapsed in a helpless apples-and-pears heap.

Admittedly Halfin deserved the attack. His behaviour on this trip had been abominable – constantly exposing the hideous warts on his genitals, touching up Mogg's girlfriend Jeanie, indulging in gale force farting and, worst of the lot, sticking a whistle up his bum and tricking Mogg into blowing it.

"When I think of the Rejects' singing 'Shitter' I

***STRICT TEETOTALLERS: Paul Chapman and road manager John Knowles share a diet Pepsi***

look at you . . ." Mogg sneered. "What are you? Just an over-weight faggot. This was a happy bus until you got on it, you've made it unhappy, you're making me mad. You wouldn't like me if I got mad."

This, at least, was true. A couple of nights later at McAllen he went completely out of control, rucking the Mexican caterers after they refused to serve Jeanie band grub. Later, at the hotel, he was seized by an all-consuming belief in his ability to fly, and leapt off a first floor landing. Naturally, he soared with the grace of a 16-ton weight towards the floor and galloping unconsciousness.

He was revived by the promoters who he promptly decided to 'do'. The police were called and he had to run and hide away somewhere until things had cooled down. In the meantime, he fell asleep in his hidey hole. Next morning he woke up with a broken arm.

At least onstage he was funny. UFO were on top form, touring with Triumph and their ridiculous Guy Fawke's night of a set (described by Knowlesy as "like touring with South End Pier") Natch Mogg took the piss out of Triumph constantly, shouting "rock-en-roll-y'all" at the crowd and rounding off the sets with "Have a nice day y'all".

Halfin was hauled onstage for plenty of abuse, while the Rejects got several numbers dedicated to them. Would ya believe 'Lights Out In West 'Am' or 'Stinky Turner Please' to the tune of 'Doctor Doctor'? God knows what the yanks made of it!

But the story that sums it all up for me comes courtesy of Pete Way who, in a gesture of friendship, offered to swap his Rejects t-shirt for the Triumph drummer's Styx one. The minute he got the Styx shirt, Pete tore it up and stamped on it before turning to the puzzled Canadian and explaining: "I f**kin' hate that group!" Verily, this was mayhem of the first order, but it didn't last.

1981 started well with the release of the band's best-ever studio album, the "heavily East End orientated" 'The Wild, The Willing & The Innocent'. Though not as hot as the seminal 'Strangers In The Night' live double, it was their rockiest ever studio platter and definitely represents the direction in which Way wanted to take the band. The arrival of 'Kipper 2' saw plenty of new scope for wind-ups.

Early on in the '81 US tour the unfortunate Carter caught a dose and, to make matters worse, his medicinal tablets were stolen. I don't neeed to say who by. He was told the only way to get them back was to pack all his clothes in his suitcases and throw 'em out a sixth floor window. Reluctantly, but eager to clear up his, umm, problem before he met his girlfriend, Carter complied.

Two days later he was told the tablets returned to him contained not penicillin but garlic. They didn't, but it was all too much for him and, not for the last time, poor Neil was reduced to tears.

Mogg's behaviour, however, was becoming less eccentric and more ridiculous by the day. On April 4 at Greenville, North Carolina, he totally trashed the dressing room because some of the band had eaten a couple of pieces of his pizza. His constant drinking was wrecking his voice – but he blew out an appointment with a throat specialist because he was too drunk to get out of bed.

Halfin went in his place to be told understandably by the distressed quack: "Philip, your voice is in a terrible state" and, when particles of coke were found up his nose, "Philip, that's a no no". Ross also stood in for Mogg's anal injections – he loved every minute.

Mogg meantime was turning into a real monster. He locked himself in a bog rather than pose for pix with tour support the Outlaws, and at the Iowa Jam on May 24 he had a blazing row with Jeanie in front of .38 Special, April Wine and the Outlaws. He kicked Halfin and knocked Jeanie to the ground, regardless of her recent expensive breast-enlarging silicon operations! Outraged by the cad's rudeness the good ol' Southern boys gave chase and Mogg, again, ended up locked in a bog.

Relations between Mogg and Halfin were strained to the point of open paranoia on the fat photographer's part. I remember that the following January, after a gig in Liverpool Knowlesy promised to find Ross "some gas cookers". Now any fool knows that this is rhyming slang for hookers, but Ross was convinced it was some foul anti-semitic reference and threatened to set his dad, super-rabbi Bob Halfin, on the lot of us!

Needless to say, no-one could carry on getting as constantly out of it as Phil Mogg without it having a dire effect on his peformance. At the legendary February 1982 first night at Hammersmith, Mogg was a disgrace, forgetting his words and, on several occasions, sitting down for up to five minutes between numbers. It was diabolical.

And the new studio album didn't help. 'Mechanix' was a real spanner in their works, frustratingly coupling some of their hardest anthems (Let It Rain', 'We Belong To The Night') with micky finns of no mean magnitude like 'Terry' and 'Something Else' (the latter recorded solely to please Jeanie).

Meantime, Wilf Wright's departure (amongst other things the band accused him of opening letters to the fan club and nicking the postal orders inside!) fueled rumours of the band's imminent collapse.

Mogg seemed unmoved by it all. On tour Stateside supporting Ozzy last April he was slung into the slammer in Texas for mooning at the crowd, and was later charged with exposing himself to minors. When I saw them play at Madison Square Gardens he kept turning his back on the audience and at one stage started turning over the monitors, and threatening Ozzy's monitor man Brooksy when he dived into the pit to get him to stop. Natch, he had to apologise later.

He was spending the whole time laying in bed with Jeanie, getting legless, and yet had become strangely obsessed with all things homosexual. Halfin, he was convinced, was a raving queen.

The rest of the band were outraged by his behaviour and agreed in private to tell Philip to shape up or ship out. Mogg's downfall, opined Neil Carter, was due to "drink, drugs and Jeanie". Mogg had pledged the band would "keep going through thick and thin." "Yeah," sniped Neil, "she's thick and she's thin." Bitch, bitch. I always thought she was lovely!

When it came to the crunch, the band bottled out of confronting Mogg, so Pete Way felt he had no option but to leave. And without the live-wire mad man whom even Ozz confessed was: "out of my league, he's f**kin' mental," UFO were as good as doomed.

Neil Carter emerged as the band's song-writing backbone. This year's well-produced but keyboard heavy blando studio album 'Making Contact' is mostly his baby, and it's indicative of the band's decline that a man once viewed by the others as a joke figure (they even got me to do a wind-up interview once that naturally never appeared) should become their mainman.

Meanwhile, the unchecked Mogg went from bad to worse and it came as no suprise to anyone at all when he f**ked up completely in Athens this March. Robbi Millar described the gig in *Sounds* as making the notorious Hammersmith foul-up "appear on a par with losing a guitar pick."

After messing up every verse he tried to sing, the staggering, tongue-tied vocalist somehow managed to duck the hail of crowd cans and faint of his own accord. At last the rest of the band had to realise it all was over.

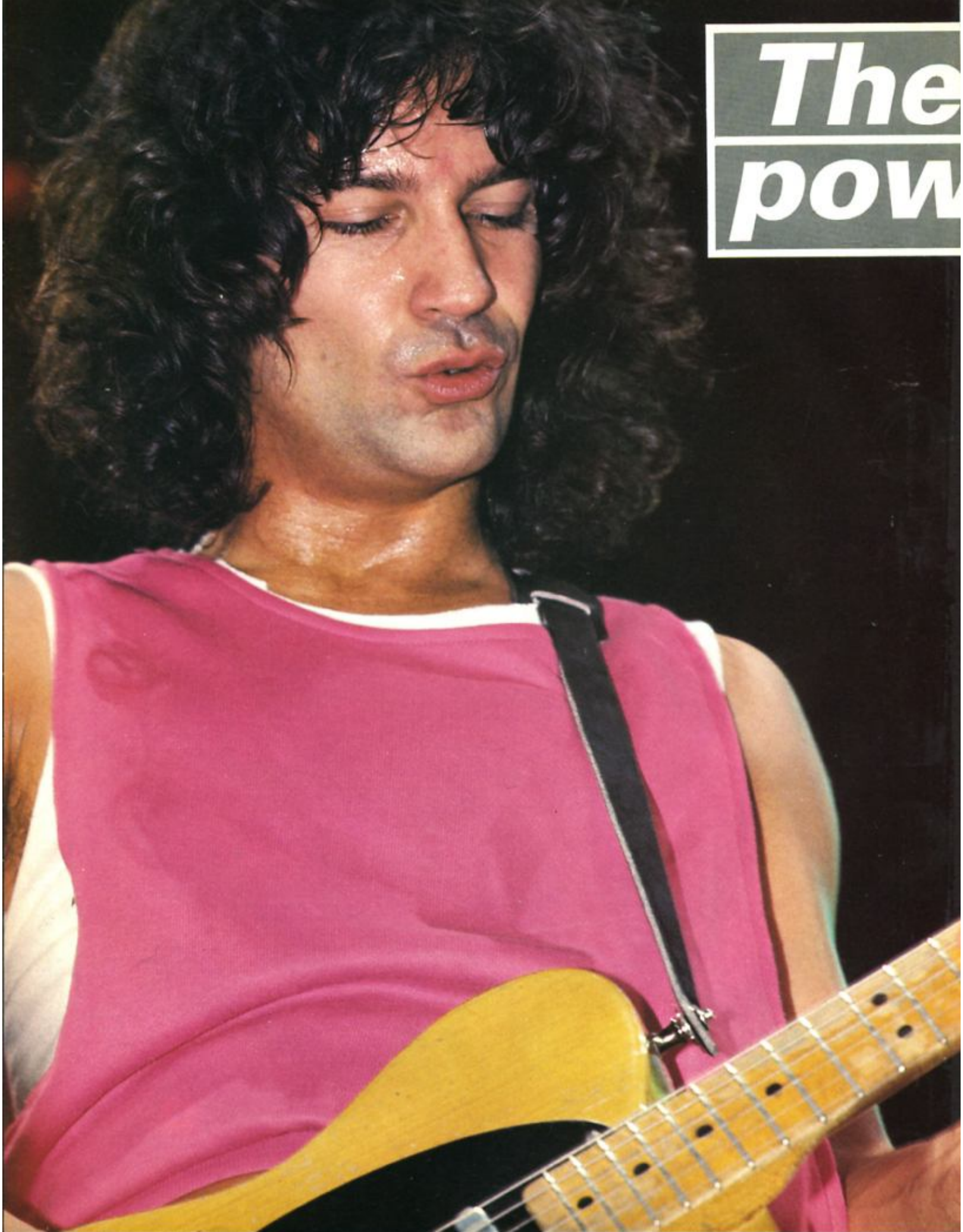
Chrysalis desperately put out a story that Phil had "had a nervous breakdown". Bullshit, of course. But to wring the last drop of blood out of the band, they did a farewell British tour and have a farewell live album out at the end of the month to squeeze the fans till the pips squeak. If you ask me it's adding insult to injury.

And after that? Well Phil is apparently desperately trying to straighten himself up, and I for one hope he succeeds. He has got a considerable talent, whatever Geoff Barton might say, and he deserves better than this sorry epilogue.

And as for 'Tonka', 'Kipper 2' and good old 'No Neck Parker', well they're bound to form a new band, and it'll probably do okay, but unless they realise that rock'n'roll is 50 per cent music and 50 per cent character, they'll never do better than average.

In the *Sounds* 'obituary', 'Kipper 2' summed up their new resolve: "The days of falling over and being successful because of it are over," he said.

I hope not.


The
pow

# man who had ver over women

## BILLY SQUIER plucks Laura Canyon's heartstrings

BLIMEY. Everywhere you look there's a guitar hero. They're proliferating like the *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* pods. Only they don't look half as dehumanised – there's the legendary Les Paul in a comfy cardigan tuning up and beaming ; there's the just as legendary Jeff Beck, nattering and grinning from ear to ear. And here's Billy Squier, not quite legendary yet but certainly on the way with two of America's finest hard rock albums in as many years.

In a couple of hours they're all getting together for a triple-whammy axe jam for a special *Tribute to Les Paul* programme on the new live TV show, 'Rock n Roll Tonite'.

Wherever you walk backstage at Perkins Palace you hear the happy sounds of kerranged chords and fingers running up a guitar neck. Except, that is, in the trailer where Billy Squier's killing time before the show. He doesn't practice; can't remember the last time he did. I remember him telling me last time we talked that "I could practise for twelve hours a day and I wouldn't be as good as Jeff Beck, so why bother?"

Billy takes a swig at some bright pink Hawaiian punch – forget the demon alcohol; this liquid fruit advertised by the Osmonds if far more pernicious! – and chuckles.

"Yes, and now I'm playing with Jeff Beck! It's actually great. I don't like to sound corny but it's really an honour that they asked me to do this, that they wanted me on this segment with Les Paul and Jeff and everything." With Beck one of his long-time heroes, didn't he sneak in a little bit extra practising to match up?

"No, not a bit. It doesn't do me any good! Whatever comes out comes out. I don't know, I don't really feel out of place, but I'm certainly in good company."

A popular man is our Billy. Just the other night at the Long Beach Arena, there were another two stars flanking him. Sheena Easton and Olivia Newton-John came onstage for an encore – when they shouted for more he must have thought they wanted MOR; too much HM does that to your ears! – to make up one of the oddest power trios in recent history. "Yes," laughs Billy. "Strange bedfellows. Could do worse – as long as I don't have to make a choice!"

As with most things in life – except perhaps pods from outer space – there's always a reason. Sheena was there because her boyfriend, a big exec at Billy's record company, would be handling him double platinum albums later that night for his 'Emotions In Motion' LP. Olivia turned up at the suggestion of her clothes designer, who happens to be Billy's longtime girlfriend.

And – as his song says – when you make it, *Everybody Wants You*. Dozens of people have approached him to produce or collaborate on their projects. He's already contributed songs to several movie soundtracks, and composed and played all the instruments himself on another one, the re-release of the Fritz Lang classic, 'Metropolis'.

"I'm open to suggestions. We field the offers, and if I see something I think I can get my teeth into, I do them. I'm considering working with a few people at the moment, but I'm not really at liberty to say, because sometimes it jinxes those projects. I don't think it's proper to talk about it until something is really formulated, but I'm definitely considering a few artists. One of them is English – that's the hint! – a big English rock star."

Does he ever stop and think about what it would have been like if all this success had happened 10 or 12 years ago, when he started out on the proverbial road to stardom? Wouldn't it have been more fun to be a rock star when he could have had endless groupies and alcohol instead of a steady girlfriend and Hawaiian Punch?

Billy shakes his head. "I probably wouldn't be as well off, because I remember 10 or 12 years ago when I was doing this – I wasn't a success, but I was on the periphery of the music scene in New York and I was around lots of big stars, whether it be Jimi Hendrix or Jim Morrison – I could go on, many people. And I've grown up with a lot of the excesses and the early stardom thing.

"I've seen people who could cope with it and people who couldn't cope with it. And I guess in the long run what it's done for me is I was able to learn by lessons before, third hand. I was able to observe them and take notes; I didn't have to be the object of the lessons.

"I've really mellowed quite a bit in my old age, I think. I don't trash as many rooms or – it's true! I still love what I do. I'm more taken with performing than I've ever been, now that we're headlining all the time, you know. It's my stage and my environment and all that. This has been the most exciting and the most fulfilling performing aspect of my career I've ever had. So that means a tremendous amount to me and, as you said before, the opportunities to work with other people. It's really opened a lot of doors to me.

"Maybe it's because I have so much more to focus on, I don't spend as much time partying and idling away the time blowing my brains out and that sort of thing! I feel healthy though. I'm probably in better shape now than I was ten years ago!"

There's a lot of girls out there who'll agree with that. Later tonight, during the Les Paul show, a bunch of them make a bold attempt at ripping Billy's clothes off to see just *how good* a shape he's in. Billy Squier has done more than just about any heavy rock act in America – probably with the exception of the mostly-absent Cheap Trick, or Van Halen – to bring the females back into the arenas.

"I have?" grins Billy. "I haven't tried to. They may have come, but I haven't tried. Probably because I've never honestly tried to create that teen idol following. It's interesting you say I've brought girls back into the arenas, because I'm always more conscious of bringing *men* back into the arenas. Before I was successful as Billy Squier, I've always seemed to attract girl fans, because I have a tendency to be sort of ... cute. I've got a pretty face and been attractive to girls. But I used to write all my songs towards girls. I was really into that teenage love angst thing. And it started to bother me because it was narrow minded of me relating just to women.

"So I've really in the past few years, since the beginning of my solo career, attempted to branch out and become a little more universal. And I've seen it: if you think there are a lot of girls in my audience now, you should have seen what it used to be like! (Back in the days when he was with power pop bands Piper and Sidewinder.) Now it tends to be more 50/50 I think. I like it."

There were tales circulating that the killer combination of Billy and Queen's famed engineer Mack as co-producers of Squier's albums came to blows on 'Emotions.' True?

"It wasn't exactly trouble. I don't know exactly how it came about, but we started doing the album the same as 'Don't Say No'" the album with 'The

***continues page 35***

pic by Paul Natkin

# ROCK U.S.A.

LAURA CANYON reporting

■ Okay Metal fans, *quiz time!* What do mooning, mugging old ladies, littering and **Def Leppard** have in common? According to a court in Albany, New York, they're all illegal, that's what. A 19-year-old bloke was charged with the dastardly crime of 'Amplified Music (Excessive)' while driving down the street in his brother's Mustang listening to 'High And Dry'. A cop pulled him over, issued a summons and our hero was hauled up before the judge. Why did he do this nasty deed, he was asked? "Because I like the song," protested the deafened one. He was given a ten quid fine and advised to listen to something wimpier (send the **Loverboy** albums c/o the Court Room, Albany).

■ Sticking with the criminal element, **Gene Simmons** came in for a – uh – tongue lashing from yet another bunch of those Religious Fundamentalists, who warm up the crowd outside their gigs handing out pamphlets. One of the leaflets was a bit hard to swallow – it swore that our cuddly Gene was "a cannibal", not to mention – hey, this is more informative than *Kerrang!* – being "best known for his ability to lasciviously extend his tongue", which we all know is "an ancient pagan symbol of demon worship". Ever-polite, Mr S. popped over to chat with one of the protesters, only to have her run away and, according to an envious Gene, start babbling in *tongues*.

■ Not content with being on those little video game screens, **Journey** are making an hour-long documentary, titled 'Long Day's Journey Into Night'. The film is being shot by the team from the American National Football League because, according to the band, they're so *physical*. Well, if they get their *kicks* that way it's okay by us! The project will turn up on cable TV over here.

***Pious picketing at a Kiss show in Dallas.***

■ And there's more! **Odessans For Decency** – another odd bunch, Texans this time, who want prayers in every classroom and **Air Supply** records on every turntable – are patting each other on the back since **Ozzy Osbourne** left for England for a rest. They reckon Ozz's bouts of illness are proof of a 'Higher Authority' zapping naughty rock stars. Said a spokesman: "We're not talking about rock and roll. We're talking about a madman!" Soon to be a madman actor too, if reports we hear are true. Apparently Ozzy's selected a nice gory little gem from the dozens of horror film scripts he's received, and is set to make his movie debut late next year.

■ Hollywood is still trying to lure **Bruce Springsteen** off into a life of movie stardom. They've even got his little sister **Pam** in on the act – she's getting married to actor **Sean Penn** – but so far he's not succumbed. Still, four of his songs are being used in a film called 'Baby It's You' – set in the 60s, which is a bit off the mark, what with Bruce still in musical nappies then – and 'Streets Of Fire' has inspired a **Walter Hill** film by the same name. Bruce has been bashing away at his new album, which he's been moaning to musician friends isn't working out. Talking of working out though, Bruce has taken up weight-lifting and, according to our spies, "he's the image of *Popeye*!"

■ A quick chorus of "It's my *parting* and I'll cry if I want to". More muscle news: **Billy Squier** came apart onstage during a TV taping when some rabid females – no not **Livvy** and **Sheena Easton**! – leapt onstage and tore at his pants, demolishing the zipper. Still Billy battled bravely on – you try singing 'The Stroke' and getting folks to clap along while trying to keep your trousers up! With a shortage of females down at Irvine Meadows, Billy had **David Lee Roth** jump onstage to sing along with that very same song during his encore.

■ A pretty close race, but 'Lig of the Month' award has to go to **Girlschool**. Their gig at the famous Roxy club in L.A. drew **Jeff Beck** (one of their heroes – last we saw them they were trying to persuade the Man to tour and have them as opening act!) **Rick James**, drummer **Carmine Appice** and actor **Jack Nicholson**. Runners-up were **Hall & Oates**, who attracted the likes of **Donna Summer, Tatum O'Neal, Cheryl Tiegs** and **Kathy, Gina** and **Charlotte** of the **GoGos**, but only with the promise of paté and champagne afterwards!

■ **ZZ Top's** record company have come up with a grand scheme to plug the 'Eliminator' album – nope, not how long you can grow a beard or how many Texans you can run down, but a series of miniature-car races at Malibu Grand Prix's around the country. Overall winners get entire ZZ Top catalogues and a Chiquita electric guitar, that little thing **Billy Gibbons** uses ... And, on the subject of races, we forgot to mention that **Ted Nugent** walked away with the Celebrity Race prize at the Long Beach Grand Prix. **J. Geils** merely walked away; his car broke down.

■ Now, if **W.A.S.P.** strolled in there I could understand, but **Miami Steve**? Springsteen's sidekick & **Disciples of Soul** frontman was unceremoniously booted out of Disneyland because they thought his clothes looked "weird" – he had on the usual bandana and leather paraphenalia. He'll have to set Popeye Bruce on them ...

**Styx** – now, Disneyland would never throw *them* out! – have taken out an ad in the corporate magazine 'Advertising Age', appealing for a suitably wealthy company to sponsor them, in the same way that the **Stones, Tom Petty** and the **Who** recently made a bit of much-needed cash on the side by being a mobile commercial for certain businesses on their last tours.

■ Idle hands are the Devil's plaything, etc, etc, so **Todd Rundgren** has been keeping out of trouble by taking on the production work of the new **Cheap Trick** album ... and **Rick Derringer** has produced and played guitar on an album by novelty rock singer **Weird Al Yankovic**, which includes songs like 'My Bologna', the **Knack** classic, **Queen's** 'Another One Rides The Bus' and a **Toni Basil** take-off, 'Ricky'.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**A great NEW Kerrang feature!**

# KWIZZ!

## PURPLE PASSAGES

**DEEP PURPLE bacame one of Rock's most influential bands. But just what do you know about them and their various spin-offs? Answer the 20 questions and then check your answers against the correct ones below to discover how deep is your purple knowledge.**

**Your score: 0-5 You must be purple with embarrassment.**
**5-15 Strange kind of person.**
**15-20 Well done Mr. Blackmore!**

1. Name the two businessmen who conceived the idea for a new super band which later became Deep Purple?
2. That band, Roundabout, featured Chris Curtis. He'd already enjoyed success with which Merseybeat band?
3. Who's the aspiring politician who led one of Blackmore's early bands?
4. Where was Deep Purple's first official gig?
5. What was the first Episode Six single to feature Ian Gillan?
6. Roger Glover replaced Nick Simper on Purple's bass. Where did Simper go?
7. What was the Abba soundalike on the B side of 'Woman From Tokyo'?
8. In what year was 'In Rock' released?
9. What's the connection between the Flowerpot Men and Deep Purple?
10. Who wrote 'Hush'?
11. What was Glenn Hughes' band prior to joining Purple?
12. From which outfit did Purple nab the services of Tommy Bolin?
13. What was Ian Gillan's second Island L.P?
14. What's the link between Gillan and Andrew Lloyd-Webber?
15. 'Malice In Wonderland' was the only LP. from which Purple spin off band?
16. Where did Whitesnake make their live debut?
17. Which Gillan long-stay side-kick once played with Split Knee Loons?
18. Who played drums on Whitesnake's 'Lovehunter'?
19. When did Tommy Bolin die?
20. What's the link between the Shadows and Deep Purple?

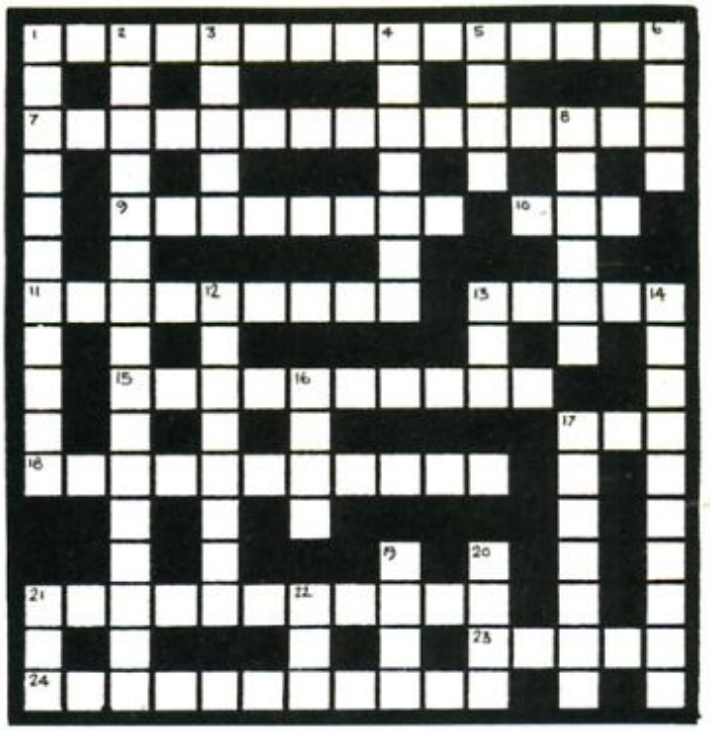
**SOLUTION**

ACROSS: 1. The Eleventh Hour 7. Electric Gypsies 9. Tino Troy 10. It's 11. Thin Lizzy 13. Dream 15. Love Hunter 17. Joe 18. Eddie Clarke 21. Smallcreeps 23. Siogo 24. Noddy Holder

DOWN: 1. The Distance 2. Electric Ladyland 3. Latin 4. No Glory 5. Hope 6. Rush 8. In The 12. Live Evil 13. Dee 14. Mike Monroe 16. Hill 17. Johnson 19. Herd 20. USSR 21. Sin 22. RSO.

ANSWERS: 1. John Coletta and Tony Edwards 2. The Searchers 3. Lord Sutch 4. Tastrup, Denmark, 20 April 1968 5. 'Put Yourself In My Place' 6. To a band called Warhorse 7. 'Super Trouper' 8. 1970 9. Jon Lord, of course 10. Joe South 11. Trapeze 12. The James Gang 13. Scarabus 14. Gillan appeared on the original soundtrack of Jesus Christ Superstar 15. Place Ashton and Lord 16. Nottingham (23 Feb 1978) 17. John McCoy 18. David Dowle 19. December 1976 20. Jet Harris of the original Shadows fronted a band called the Jet Blacks. Mick Underwood was their drummer. Underwood played in the Outlaws with Blackmore and eventually ended up with Gillan.

# KERROSSWORD!



**ACROSS**

1 When Magnum were saved (3.8.4)
7 Did Bernie Tormé have to switch this lot on? (8.7)
9 He knew time tells no lies (4.4)
10 What's hard according to the Who (3)
11 They earned a Bad Reputation in China Town (4.5)
13 Cheap Trick's police (5)
15 A Whitesnake classic (4.6)
17 Hey . . . Perry (3)
18 Easy liver who had no sleep till Hammersmith (5.6)
21 This was Mike Rutherford's day (11)
23 A Blackfoot winner (5)
24 He wanted you to come on and feel his noize (5.6)

**DOWN**

1 Can Bob Seger go it? (3.8)
2 Where Hendrix cut a classic L.P.(8.8)
3 The language of Status Quo (literally) (5)
4 Molly Hatchet have no guts and . . .? (2.5)
5 This Dave's from Kansas (4)
6 They countdown (4)
8 One from BOC (2.4)
12 . . . and a nasty one from the Sabs (4.4)
13 River for Mr (?) Snider? (3)
14 He helps Hanoi to rock (4.6)
16 Slade's Dave (4)
17 This Kelly hit and ran (7)
19 Mick Underwood once drummed with this sheepish (?) band (4)
20 Beatles wanted to get back there (1.1.1.)
21 AC/DC's city (3)
22 Sometime label for Clapton (1.1.1)

***BILLY SQUIER***
***From page 33***

Stroke' and Billy's first big hit.

"Not to repeat it, I don't mean that, but we used the same studios and the same basic approach. At the same time, Mack is very progressive and I'm fairly progressive and we want to try and improve on everything we do, break some new ground.

"And I think that when we mixed the album, without knowing it we got a little bit too concerned with that. We got very into being more progressive in terms of the technology and that sort of thing. When we finished it we thought it was fine, but when we sent the tapes into the record company, I started getting phone calls back saying: 'You can't be serious! We can't hear the vocals and it's real tinny and there's no depth to it and it has no warmth'. And I said, 'What are you talking about? It *must* be all right!'

"I'd gone away on holiday and I thought Mack may have possibly mastered it incorrectly, so I went in to the studio to see if I could remaster it. And after I'd been away from it for a while I came back and realised we had basically f--ked up. We hadn't made a bad record, but we hadn't presented it, I don't think, in the proper perspective in terms of who I am and what's going on.

"So I rang him up to talk about it and he just didn't agree. He felt that it was right; give them the record and it'll be fine. And I went through a lot of soul searching, because I trust Mack, he's done a tremendous amount for me; I wouldn't be where I am probably in some respects if it wasn't for some of the things he taught me. So it was really a very traumatic decision.

"But in the end I sat down, took out 'Don't Say No', put on 'Emotions in Motion' and just listened to it and called him up and said, 'We've got to do it over.' He wouldn't have any part of it. So I went in and remixed it."

So he won't be around for the next album?

"I haven't talked to him. I've seen him a couple of times, but last time I spoke to him he said basically he thought I'd ruined the record. He said it's terrible! Two million people disagree with him ... I don't know; anything's possible. I'm not anti-Mack at this point. I think we both feel we should maybe let time go by, time heals all wounds and all that.

**RUSH**
**N.E.C. Birmingham**
HOW CAN a gig like this be summed up in mere words? An avalanche of superlatives will only seem sycophantic so just believe THIS WAS SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL. Band, plus light and picture show, came together in a way quite unique, whilst ten-and-a-half thousand people magically combined to create real atmosphere even in this vast arena. The air was *charged* with appreciation ...

Rush wander on without fuss and go straight into 'Spirit Of Radio'. Next 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Free Will' with volume steadily growing now that the sound balance is virtually perfect. 'Digital Man' sees Geddy removing his new stick-bass to play synth unhindered, then 'Subdivisions' brings the first major video show to the giant screen above the band. It shows a gang of kids living out the lyrics.

As they ease into 'Vital Signs', Neil Peart dons headphones and conducts the handclaps. The magnificent 'Camera Eye' follows and runs straight into the first real oldie, 'Closer To The Heart', the intro to which is drowned by roars of approval.

Then 'Analog Kid' and, gazing at the enormous stage, it's hard to believe all *this* is being generated by just three men and such a sparse, almost scruffy backline.

Curses! Alex's guitar cuts out just as the solo is due! It takes all his self-restraint to stop him throwing it away ... but he waits until someone's there to catch it! No such hiccups, however, during his acoustic showcase, 'Broon's Bane', which preludes 'Trees'. Several thousand voices join Geddy for the first verse and the applause at the end surges still higher as they begin 'Red Barchetta'. Another video with this, but full marks for introducing these FX *gradually* and using them *sparingly* because it maximises their impact.

Past halfway now so it's time to step up the attack. All eyes turn to the screen where Count Floyd (a none too scary vampire!) is warning us about 'The Weapon' – *"It's so scary! Put on those 3D glasses now!"* – a nice, unexpected touch of humour. The song itself grows into a masterpiece and Howard Ungerleider on the lighting desk matches it well. Smoke from two flash pots rises eerily towards the rig high over the stage, then twin rows of white spots cut through it spinning at strobe speed.

'New World Man', 'Limelight' and the band can do no wrong. Song after song has been almost perfectly delivered and Rush are really motoring. The *piéce-de-résistance* turns out to be 'Countdown', where the Apollo-generation audience stand in awe then cheer in delight as the first Shuttle launch is relived to a backdrop of some rare and brilliant NASA footage.

The only way to follow that is with the newest medley. The first seven minutes of '2112' sound positively harsh without keyboards (omni-present until now of course), but at least this gives Alex the chance to *really* shine. Portions of 'Xanadu', 'La Villa Strangiato' then, finally, 'In The Mood' bring the set to a storming close.

In the encore 'YYZ' Neil finally gets his solo. Phenomenal it is too, his sense of rhythm and timing being virtually unparalleled. It ends all too suddenly and the house lights evaporate hopes of more. Everywhere the pervading emotion is *elation*. Music and technology high on the leading edge of life – *this* is true progression and Rush have raised it to an art-form. NEIL JEFFRIES

**SPIDER / TERRAPLANE / RAVEN / DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS**
**Lyceum, London**
THE FIRST point that has to be made about this gig is that the Lyceum has about as much to do with rock 'n' roll as the Ideal Home Exhibition. In other words, a bunch of static attractions all fighting one another for the 'Big Sell' only to find that the product on sale could, and most probably has been, sold elsewhere at a better price and in a better environment.

Having sweated themselves into the position of Britain's top touring band, Spider walked out on a supposed lucrative record deal due to the departure within their record company of the people who believed in the band as an essentially live-based rock/pop crossover somewhere along the lines of Slade and Quo.

Unfortunately, however, it's this obsession with portraying themselves as the ultimate touring band that highlights their basic problem. Having three support bands on a rock bill not only detracts from the impact of the normal headline/support situation, but also turns the event into a rushed, ham-fisted affair with the support acts doing little more than providing an excuse to prop up the bar.

Under these none-too beneficial circumstances Dumpy, of Rusty Nuts/Bolts fame, came into bat first at the unearthly hour of 7.15 and played a good deal of his set to an empty house and several wrought iron tables thanks to the 7.30 kick-off time displayed in the press.

Arriving just in time to catch the last three minutes of a truncated set, the Nuts clearly had 'sound problems' but, despite that, treated me to some of the most heartfelt blues I've heard this side of Free. Never ones to complain, the Rusty's trooped off having played what proved, for me at least, the finest three minutes of the evening.

Next on the fiasco hit-list were Raven. Having never seen the 'Mental Boy Three' before, I awaited their ear-destroying manic Metal with enthusiasm. But just when they'd got their sound somewhere near decent, they were ordered to leave the stage..

Fired by a basic 'don't give a shit' philosophy, Mark Gallagher led the band through their five-number set with some gusto – it was almost as if they were playing a headline gig. Despite the joke of a PA, his guitar along with brother John's bass caused a large number of the seemingly uncommitted crowd to move to the front where at least the backline could be heard along with Rob Hunter's bombastic drumming.

Being troopers they fought against the odds and produced a short but promising set, climaxing with the last two singles, 'Crash, Bang, Wallop' and 'Break The Chain'. As they prepared to launch into their sixth number, time ran out and they were forced to give way to the band hailed as the next 'big thing' ...

After witnessing over half a dozen Terraplane gigs it is my belief

**BIFF of Saxon leaps over 29 prostrate roadies and hacks in Eivel**

# KONCERT

# Leeds overload!

**SAXON / TWISTED SISTER / GIRLSCHOOL / ANVIL / SPIDER / BATTLEAXE**
**Queens Hall, Leeds**
SO THE first big festival of the year came and went, and was generally treated as a warm-up for both Reading and Donington. Although this bash was fairly successful and all the bands did hit the stage when they were supposed to, it must be said that the sound on the whole was truly appalling.

North-east mayhem merchants Battleaxe were just finishing off their set as yours truly tried to find a decent place to view the show. And according to my scribbled notes, they put on a slightly better performance than their shambles of a showing at the 'Royal Standard' boozer, where they allegedly pulled the main fuse on *Kerrang!* – fave Gregg Parker. Tonight, however, someone must have lent them a 13-amp fuse, cos they delivered a safe, though fairly predictable, Maidenesque set.

Poor ol' Spider were on next and the sound was so bad I had to retreat to the bar (of course – Ed), where I got caught up in a serious game of pool between *Sounds* and *Kerrang!* Young master Putterford of *Sounds* proved quite a sharp shooter, and I'm afraid I have to report a two frames to one victory in *Sounds* favour.

But back to Spider. As long as they keep up this 'US' against 'THEM' attitude towards the press, they're likely to find themselves on shakey ground. I tried to like 'em once upon a time, but their tennis-racket-plod-along-boogie does become just a trifle tedious if you've seen 'em more than once. And as *Kerrang!* lensman Ray Palmer rightly pointed out "they always wear the same clothes". Sorry fellas.

Anvil I really felt sorry for, cos they did go down well but, once again, were let down by the acoustics of the hall. There was far too much treble floating around and the cymbals drowned Lips' singing. Still, he was as gross as ever in his delivery of the excellent 'Metal On Metal' and 'Free As The Wind', a track from the all new and powerful 'Forged In Fire' LP. Judging by tonight's reaction Anvil should go down well on the Motorhead tour.

Girlschool were the first band of the day to get a heroes' (heroines?) welcome and, aided by a much improved sound, the gals played a blinder. I found it hard to believe that they hadn't been on a UK concert platform for over a year.

Kicking off with 'Screaming Blue Murder', they could do no wrong. Kim was in fine fettle and got a good chin-wag going with the punters inbetween numbers. But without doubt the real star of this lot is the luvly Kelly Johnson – her sexy posin' and elegant movements across the stage in an almost too cool manner sent my blood to boiling point (Steady boy – Paul Suter) Girlschool are back!

I nearly got my head kicked in when I asked Mark 'the animal' Mendoza what he thought of the new Manowar album. I hadn't realised the rivalry between the two bands was still on. But judging by tonight's performance, Manowar have got a lot to do if there's going to be a genuine battle of the bands. In many ways TS are the new Slade, with Dee Snider coming across like an American Noddy Holder, the compere for this event. And a superb job he did too.

Listen. You don't mess with the Sister. Some idiot decided to throw a bottle at Dee during one of his lengthy raps, to which he simply

eivel stunt at Leeds

responded: "If anyone throws shit at us, I'll take out my dick and piss on the motherf--ker!" Charming lot, aren't they?

Rousing versions of 'You Can't Stop Rock 'N' Roll', 'The Kids Are Back' and 'Shoot 'em Down' whizzed by while the surprise hit single 'I Am, I'm Me', was sensibly saved till the end. My sole complaint about their set was that my two fave TS toons weren't played, these being 'Lady's Boy' and 'I'll Never Grow Up', both B-sides of early singles produced by Eddie Kramer.

Saxon had to be on form to follow the Sister. But, being from Yorkshire, they at least had home advantage. "Its fooken great to be home," shouted Biff, as messrs Oliver and Quinn churned out the powerchords to 'Power And The Glory'. This was quickly followed by 'Princess Of The Night' which was superb.

Biff was given a Leeds United scarf which he wore round his ankles during 'Never Surrender', while 'Warrior' was introduced simply by "I like the fast ones". The legendary Eagle made its appearance during the 'Eagle Has Landed', but Saxon ought to retitle the song 'The Eagle Has Blinded', as those bleedin' lights are very painful on the 'minces'.

The high point of their set came during 'Dallas 1pm' when Biff was lowered from the roof on what looked like a Harley Davidson – a dangerous stunt that topped a very impressive show with the music, at long last, coming through clear as a bell. Mind you, Saxon have played here before.

The highly amusing 'Denim & Leather' and 'The Bands Played On' closed proceedings, and as I walked back to the hotel I couldn't help but compare Saxon's show to that of Iron Maiden the night before. Saxon play catchy Metal/pop toons and seem to communicate with their audience, whereas Maiden have become boring and tedious, and I wasn't alone in thinking this. XAVIER RUSSELL

that they might, with the right direction, make quite a name for themselves. But, here, they were the third band to take the stage without a soundcheck which meant their opening number, 'River Deep, Mountain High', came across with all the balls of a eunuch. £3.50 seemed a mighty high price to pay for this.

All around, the eyes of semi-interested punters flashed between the bar and the exit but, fortunately, the out-front sound improved enough to give the non-Spider fanatics reason to stay and Terraplane a second chance. They didn't set the place on fire but they did deliver 45 minutes of blues-based hard rock, some of which held its own (ie. the semi-classic 'Don't Let The Wheels Go Round' and 'I Survive'), some of which needed more work.

Despite feeling sick as a dog after some three hours of 'soundchecking', I prepared myself for the same old song and dance. It was with blind faith that Spider took the stage, knowing inside that what was supposed to be their valiant home-coming had by this point turned into a mockery of a gig. But they still gave everything they had, turning on the smiles to cover up the disasters that had gone before.

All in all, it was just another Spider gig – but a gig without thought. Cramming four bands onto a bill simply to sell more tickets might cover the promoters ass but it sure as hell won't make him a lot of friends.

If Spider are ever to break away from their pub-boogie roots they must first take themselves seriously. Their playing has improved leaps and bounds over the past 18 months, along with their song-writing, and they now put on a reasonable live show. But in order to convince that they have something worthwhile to offer they must at least be seen to be in control of their own destiny. GEOFF BANKS

**ULI JON ROTH and ELECTRIC SUN**
**Birmingham Odeon**

JEEZ, THERE was something decidedly unreal about tonight's gig. It was almost as if a sharp blow on the head had induced instant recall of a concert held some 15 years ago. Yup, here was the spaced-out, non-violent audience with only the music in mind – peace, love and joss-sticks, maaan – and up onstage a long-locked gentleman, dressed in enough frilly garments to stock a sixties' Carnaby Street for a month, playing and giving his soul through the medium of a magnificent, if temperamental, white Strat.

Uli Jon Roth was back, blowing the cobwebs away with unerring ease and musically evoking the atmosphere of an era that's long since been put down (and not without casualties, we all know).

You might believe that the Roth phenomenon revolves around a guy who got trapped in a time zone circa '68 and has only just managed to break free, a man ignorant of passing trends, wallowing in blissful unawareness. In short, that Uli Jon Roth is a farce, a totally uncontemporary joke! Well, I guarantee that if you'd seen him tongiht, 'joke' would be the word farthest from your mind!

First and foremost, the public backed the artist. A three-quarters full Odeon for a band on its first UK tour and with no product available is far more 'contemporary' than many a 'modern' rock band.

Secondly, anyone who can argue with the magnificently tasteful and talented works of Mr Roth can be no real lover of rock. I know that 50 per cent of Electric Sun's songs are pretty tiresome affairs and I certainly know that Uli's vocals ain't exactly on a par with Perry's, but critical crap be damned, it's well worth wading through the dirge to reach the brilliance of Roth's guitar. Rather like steaming through a Jaffa Cake purely for that 'smashing orangey bit in the middle'! I have never seen a man coax so much out of a guitar – it was breathtaking to behold. You really ought to see him!

There are brighter days on the horizon, too. New numbers such as 'What Is Love?' and 'Angel Of Peace' are certainly stronger songs in terms of melody and structure than anything Roth's written previously and the introduction of two delightful female backing singers (Dorothy and Jennifer) has added greatly to vocal prowess. Happy days are here again.

They're not my favourite sort of rock band but, funnily enough, the antiquated style is more than a touch refreshing in these decibel-driven days. It all reminds me of a Kiss ad. when they first broke big. It read simply: 'Just a hype, huh?' In Uli Jon Roth's case, I certainly doubt that! HOWARD JOHNSON

**ERIC CLAPTON**
**Hammersmith Odeon**

ERIC CLAPTON'S most recent albums have confirmed just how erratic he can be. By his best standards, his latest offering, 'Money And Cigarettes', is run-of-the-mill fare and onstage too he has been known to disappoint as well as thrill an audience. Sometimes he appears content to turn in a perfunctory if not downright lazy show.

Thankfully, rock's first guitar hero was in sparkling even brilliant form at the Odeon, though the first half of the two hour show had its roughs, including lacklustre versions of that great song 'Let It Rain' and 'Lay Down Sally' – hardly Clapton's finest.

Kicking off with a rollicking 'Tulsa Time', Clapton's second song, Bob Marley's 'I Shot The Sheriff', gave the audience a taste of treats in store. The version was slower than the hit single, but the lengthy improvisation gave Clapton ample opportunity to turn in an elegant and decidedly lyrical solo.

Another early highlight was a rousing 'Double Trouble', sung with feeling and performed by all concerned with maximum commitment. Clapton's band seemed happier on these blues – no doubt the American rhythm section of Jamie Oldaker (drums) and the great Booker T veteran Duck Dunn (bass) felt more at home when the emphasis switched away from rock to blues.

Surprisingly, only one number from 'Money And Cigarettes' was included – 'The Shape You're In'. One of the album's better tracks, it was a joy to listen to as Clapton and fellow guitarist Albert Lee traded licks.

From here on Clapton and cohorts could do no wrong – one triumph followed another. The lovely 'Wonderful Tonight' proved the perfect vehicle for some weeping lead work and the feel recalled the majestic 'Presence Of The Lord' from Blind Faith days.

'After Midnight', 'Blues Power', 'Cocaine' and a slow blues tour-de-force based around 'Have You Ever Loved A Woman', in which Clapton shouted out key changes in rapid succession, had everyone on the edge of their seats.

Inevitably, a beautifully executed 'Layla', still fresh after all these years, brought matters to a satisfying close, and the *Kerrang!* seal of approval should go to Chris Stainton for his playing on the plaintive coda.

A night to remember. What a shame EC's last two albums have manifestly *not* demonstrated this kind of passion. STEVE CLARKE.

**LONE WOLF**
**Marquee, London**

LITTLE HAS been heard of this, the band formed and fronted by ex-Iron Maiden singer Paul Di'anno, since they appeared in an extended *'Armed & Ready'* feature way back in *Kerrang!* number 11. It transpired that they hadn't played a gig for five months so perhaps that's hardly surprising!

This then, a support slot to Sad Cafe (!), was hardly the most auspicious way to relaunch themselves. When Paul walked on and said: *"We're trying out our music on a different crowd tonight ..."*, he couldn't have been closer to the truth! Very smart they were too, made a nice change from the Denim & Leather brigade, and all credit to them. The Sads onstage are a good ROCK band so their fans responded well to Lone Wolf. *Very* well, considering it was the first sighting of the group for all bar the handful of Wolf fans that came along.

Feedback problems aside (the monitor man seemed oblivious or unable to respond to Paul's increasingly heated 'suggestions'), there was plenty here that impressed. Although they looked a little *too* smart – perhaps they'd dressed for the occasion – the six-piece worked well together, despite being ludicrously cramped for space.

Their sound reminded me of vintage Byron-era Heep (especially when Mark Venables' keyboards and the harmony vocals all came together), with the added bonus of some commercial sounding songs. Even though this crowd seemed to like them, I'd say Lone Wolf would appeal most to a hard-rock audience ... there's plenty to please Grand Prix fans at least.

'Here To Stay' was introduced as: *"one of a couple of numbers we've just demo'd at Rockfield"*, and sounded a very likely singles choice. Paul will have to improve or drop the scream in the middle, though ... or perhaps just use another monitor engineer!

'Overdose Of Fear' (*"about drugs and naughty things – if you clap, you're guilty!"*) was good, with a jazzy bass intro and break from Kevin Browne as was 'Lady Heartbreak', with drummer Mark Stuart making his presence felt. But the best was certainly saved until last in the form of a newie called 'Flaming Hearts' – twin guitarists P.J. Ward and Lee Slater fairly rattling it along.

Perhaps if this is put out with 'Here To Stay' (*el pronto!*) it might not be another five months before Lone Wolf see some action. NEIL JEFFRIES

# PENPALS

***This is a FREE service. But keep it brief – and clean! Send a photo too, if you like. Long, boring Penpal letters will go in the bin!***

A FREAKED-OUT 15 year old peace-loving female hippy who occasionally headbangs when bored is in search of magic vibes and friendly, long-haired brother weirdos (15+). Send your smoke to: **Maire, 14 Chesham Rd, Amersham, Bucks.**

AEROSMITH FAN, 19 years old from Canada, would like to hear from fellow fans around the world. Very interested in trading tapes, also into Joe Perry Project, Van Halen, Sabbath. Let lightning strike and write: **Rob Koss, 12 Chestergrove Crescent, Scarborough, Ontario, M1W 1L4, Canada.**

TWO FEMALE Japanese hot rockers would like to hear from male HM guys. We are into and managing Motley Crüe Fan Club in Japan. Sally loves Billy Squier, Sammy Hagar, Priest and I love Ted Nugent, Scorpions, Leppard and other smashing bands. We are both 21. **Masako 'Marcy' Funabashi, 3-32, Sakuradai, Nerima-ku, Tokyo 176 Japan.**

CALLING ALL loonies, freaks, weirdos and anyone else into getting drunk, stoned, etc. Interested? Then read on. Sex don't matter (sez who?), but must be into Marillion, Van Halen, Pallas and any other brilliant musos. If you're into the 'getting out of it and falling over' side of life then drop a line to Uncle Tone and join the garden party. **Tony Druggan, 123 Calder St, Blantyre G72 OAZ Glasgow.**

THREE MALE long-haired headbangers, 17. seek females 15+ who are interested in Rush, UFO, Maiden, Lizzy, Kiss and many others, for gigs and friendship. Photos appreciated. **Roy, 5 Wellesley Road, Walthamstow, London E17.**

18 YEAR old wombat, brain and size of a planet, looking for hyper-intelligent shade of blue into ELP, Yes, King Crimson etc. If you're a female with long hair please write. **Wombat, 41 Lingmell, Albany Washington, Tyne & Wear.**

GUY INTO Heart, Tom Petty, Joan Jett, Rush, Rock Goddess, seeks friends into above. Home or abroad, anywhere, 16-30, male or female. **Keith, 51 Dudsbury Road, Ferndown, Dorset BH22 8RB.**

JULIE THE Rush freak wants letters from fellow hippie or HM lovers into Gong, Magnum, etc. I don't expect letters from my area because you have all turned trendy, so any of the surviving breed a plea from an unconverted female. I'm 16 and live at: **11 Bulkeley Road, Wallasey, Merseyside L44 9DR.**

17 YEAR old German headbanger into Priest, Girlschool, Kelly Johnson, Exciter, Metallica, most of Mr. Varney's Metal, would like to correspond with Metal fanatics to exchange tapes and other material. **Marcus Kehr, Beethovenstr. 12, D-6902, Sandhousen, West Germany.**

USA HM Female, 19, bass player, heavily into: Crüe, Scorps, Schenker, etc. wants to hear from anyone into Heavy Metal & Steve Harris (19+), send photo & letter to: **Kim Merlino, 7343 Nw 48th pl, Lauderhill, Fla. 3319 USA.**

QUIET CURLY-HAIRED chap into Hendrix, Rick Wakeman, early Queen, Saxon and gambling. Would like penpals from anywhere. **Mark, 36 Hermitage Way, Stourport, Worcs DY14 ODA.**

20 YEAR old male Metal mongrel looking for m/f European headbangers for correspondence. Into Accept, Priest, Heaven, Krokus, Riot etc. **Mike Smedley, 339-66-2290, PSC 1 Box 593, Lackland AFB, TX 78236 USA.**

TWO CRAZY wenches (17) want long-haired macho men (18+) to meet and have fun. So c'mon you HM freaks, scrawl a line to **Jan and Caz, Kia-ora, St. Asaph Ave, Kinmel Bay, Rhyl, Clwyd, N.Wales LL18 5HA.**

YOUNG JAPANESE girls planning a trip to US and England in August and September, we would like to correspond with any males/females in US, also London (and around). We are into MSG, Maiden, Tank, Tygers, Ozzy, Priest etc. We would appreciate information on up-coming concerts from 1st of August. **Midori Yamazaki, 1769 Honmachida, Machida, Tokyo 194 Japan.**

HI, ALL you Marillion fans. I'm a 19 year old coloured female and I wanna hear from you soon. Fish fans especially welcome to drop me a line. Also into: Who, Asia, Quo, Genesis, etc. **Sahida Loonat, 177 Taylor Street, Batley, West Yorkshire, WF17 5AY.**

THERE MUST be someone in the Sheffield area who suffers from lack of, or no, Metal friends for gigs, friendship etc. I have none. I'm into Journey, Kiss, Van Halen, but accept all Metal as my music. Please write to this desperate 16 year old Indian. **Tim Kellett, 268 Giranville Road, Sheffield 52 2RS, S. Yorks.**

23 YEAR old female into HM bands such as: Maiden, Samson, Angel Witch, and others, interested in hearing from anyone, anywhere. **Charlene Frankowski, 316 Hanthorn St., Mays Landing, New Jersey, 08330 USA.**

'SHOCK POWER', the German HM magazine, is still looking for contact with new, brain-damaging HM/HR bands, who should sent their demos, biographies and photos to: **'Shock Power', Alex Gernandt, Wormserstr 118, 684 Lampertheim, West Germany.**

I'M A 14 year old headbanger crazy about Thin Lizzy and Gillan and also into Black Sabbath, Rush, Maiden and Hendrix. I would like to correspond with headbangers my age. **Dany Levitin, 22/a Zammenhoff Street, Herzelia B 46592, Israel.**

I'M AN Aussie headbanger 17, so all you Metal maniacs male/female put pen to paper and start writing. I'm into Venom, M. Fate, Scorps, Priest, Accept, T.Sister and heaps more. **Ashley Kilpatrick, 119 Oxford Ave, Bankstown, 2200 Sydney, NSW Australia.**

SWEDISH POMP, pop, AOR and melodic Metal fan into Balance, Aldo Nova, Night Ranger, Styx, Magnum etc. would like to exchange records, tapes and info. **Mag Soderkuist, Tornvagen 14, 770 60 Horndal, Sweden.**

I AM a 5ft hard-as-nails rivet head on the scout for a Metal time. I dig Venom, Motorhead, AC/DC, Mercyful Fate etc. I make effigies of Ozzy Ozbourne. Looking for Metal Angel for Metal time; **Simon 'The Prince', 15 Westway Park, Yatton, Avon.**

18 YEAR old changeling heavily into the Doors, Floyd and Tolkien wishes to write to other Riders on the storm. Please include photo. **Jodie, 236 Towngate, Ossett, West Yorkshire, England.**

ATTENTION GIRLS! I'm a 16 year old headbanger into all Heavy Metal. Especially Saxon, Maiden, Priest. I'd like to make contact with females 15-16. **Joseph Castillo, Carmprim, Dome Street, Fgura, Malta.**

FEMALE KEYBOARD player (20), not in a band, seeks male/female musos same situation to write songs with. Must be into Asia, Babys Deep Purple, Golden Earring, Foreigner, Styx, all 70's UK and USA rock. Brits, Canadians, Americans preferred. **Helen Cebis, 19 Wanndina Avenue, Dianella, Western Australia 6062.**

I AM 18, male, an English-Turkish half-breed, and dying from the lack of intelligent girls to talk to. I would like to personally meet reps of the fair sex living in the Chelmsford area who have an open flame-like personality, strong, logical opinions, an eye for art and like prog rock and classical/electronic as well as HM. **Giray Vzmen, 93 Falmouth Road, Springfirled, Chelmsford.**

I AM a 6ft blond male rocker into all Heavy Metal. I want friends to go to pubs and concerts with. Must love bikes, mud and leather. **Steve, 5 Kelmore Close, Pensby, South Wirral.**

TO ALL HM streetfighters all over the world. I am not a member of any fan club but I am a great fanatic. Who can tell me something about Battleaxe. **HMB Felix Schmidt, Asbestweg 7, 1000 Berlin 47, Germany.**

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**KIND CARING** metal fan, 23, seeks an extremely huge-bosomed lady for mutual relationship, outings, gigs, fun, evenings out. All replies answered. Oxford or Midlands area. Box No K171.

**KNIGHTSBRIDGE AREA** Paisley HM band requiring lead guitarist. Phone Tam 041 889 1460.

**N.I. BIKER,** 23, seeks female 18+, into rock, friendship etc from Belfast, Newtownabbey areas, tele Bill, Glengormley 7073.

**MALE,** 23, seeks female companion, 19 to 25, into most HM bands and Reading/Glos area. Box No. K172.

**MALE HEADBANGER,** 21, into Motorhead, Girlschool, AC/DC seeks female friends 17+ for gigs, etc. N.W. London area. Photo appreciated and returned. Box No K161.

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**MIDWEST HEAVY METAL PROMOTION** P.O. Box 28088, St. Louis, MO 63119-0388, USA. We're seeking very hard-core HM bands to Promote. (No Management). Interested bands from anywhere send demos, live tapes & Info. Also send $4.00 (cash or money order- overseas) add $2.20 for a cassette of 90 minutes of one of the heaviest metal bands in the world. Chicago's TROUBLE. Have you had your skull crushed lately? Are you Sick of Wimp-metal? Write us for info on how to obtain a whiplash from Canadas EXCITER's LP 'HEAVY METAL MANIAC'! We also handle 'Trouble' & Exciter's' merchandise.

**HEAVY METAL DEMOS,** singles, LPs, information required. Assured play on great radio station, possible review in HM magazine. Chris Troch Brusselbaan 19 1705 Essene (Affligem) Belgium.

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# PRIX MIX CLI

PANIC IN the streets! It's seven o'clock and Grand Prix haven't arrived yet for their 7.30 slot supporting Iron Maiden! Much running around in circles and praying to obscure Gods is in evidence as the band finally manage to make their entrance with a scant ten minutes to spare, a soundcheck being firmly out of the question by then.

Not exactly the best preparation for a gig you'll admit, but the Prix nevertheless put on an excellent show that's well received by the devoted Maiden fans who had bought up every seat in the hall long before anyone knew Grand Prix would be on the bill.

The show is short and sweet, with six numbers drafted in from the new album (the two old survivors being the memorable 'Keep On Believing' and a revitalised 'Westwind'), which isn't to be released until after the tour. The entire audience is hearing the songs for the first time and, despite the inevitably patchy sound, they're clearly keen to hear them again.

Which takes us back a year – more in fact – to the similar enthusiasm the band won from Sammy Hagar's diehard audience (and not forgetting the man himself), only to be unceremoniously dumped by their label. RCA had, it appeared, poured mucho moolah into Grand Prix and yet, as the first signs of significant public enthusiasm began to show on a reasonable scale, they dropped the band, who virtually simultaneously parted company with their management.

The ensuing period saw the band slowly recovering from the reversals and making what was effectively a new start, putting their previous mistakes and disappointments behind them. Now that they're actually on the case again there's both enthusiasm and relief in the air, as bassist Ralph Hood and vocalist Rob McAuley made clear recently.

"It's nice to be able to talk without a great depression hanging over us," Ralph smiled. "The last two *Kerrang!* interviews we did were basically just us expressing our frustrations, but now thank God it's all water under the bridge.

"The American side of RCA never saw us a suitable act for America and, as a result, none of our records were released there," is Ralph's only possible explanation for RCA's strange decision to drop the band when British success seemed to be feasible for the first time. Bluntly, it was never going to be enough to be successful in the UK if they were to be a real money-spinner for RCA, so the concrete handshake was duly proffered.

"By the end of the Sammy Hagar tour we were getting the right sort of reaction for the first time, and I think we'd adjusted to being more positive as a live band. We were going to do the Blackfoot tour but the record company didn't see the point in paying for it; as a direct result of that we changed management. We were soon dropped, it was inevitable really I suppose. It was a bit of a lifesaver too, in fact, because as you can imagine we had a large debt hanging over us by that time.

"We spent that summer doing a lot of demos; we were very lucky, a lot of studios offered us demo time and we managed to get 13 songs together for this new album. We also went to East Germany to do a live TV appearance that was broadcast to the whole of the eastern bloc.

"Whoever was the agent had seen us in Europe with Manfred Mann 18 months before. We knew at the time that the East German government had expressed some interest – it's all done at that level – in getting the band over. Everything went through the normal channels and then there we were – 18 months later! We haven't got anything released over there so we did three songs – it's a live show but everyone mimes to backing tracks – that were all demos and they went down a storm. No-one knew the difference.

"It was done in a Russian garrison town, Schwerin, and they wouldn't let us into any of the three bars in town except our hotel bar. We were paid in local currency, which is virtually worthless in the West, so we had all this cash to blow and nobody in the hotel wanted anything to do with us. They thought we were decadent millionaire westerners, guzzling two bottles of champagne at a time. Not that we normally do (no? Well maybe not champagne . . .) but that's what we had to do to spend the money."

Once back in Britain, the band financed their own autumn club tour, desperate to get out on the road again to see if there was still an audience keen to see them. Relieved to find the answer affirmative, they were doubly relieved to find their new material had won them a deal (they're still unsure whether anyone at Chrysalis has heard their first two albums!).

By the time the recording of the new album actually came around they had over 20 songs to choose from, and the rapidly escalating enthusiasm within their ranks meant that there were another 17 ready for the *next* one even before the Maiden tour began! Talk abour prolific . . .

One factor that has always frustrated the band, however, has been their production. Their first album sounded pretty poor, the second okay but obviously could have been twice as good, and that left them with plenty of room for improvement in a new label, new start situation. Bad luck still dogged them, though, as Ralph explained.

"There simply weren't any producers available! We'd drawn up a list as long as your arm but, despite the fact that most of them wanted to do it, they were booked up well into this year, and it would have been silly to wait. Mack, Tom Allom, so many . . ."

John Eden was therefore drafted in and, whilst the band show a diplomatic face to yours truly sitting in front of a tape recorder, there are garish tales of tired and emotional scenes at Frank's (London's leading lig and meat market for anyone who can tell the difference between a plectrum and a garden gnome) over more production frustrations. Just like before, the band went in to remix the results, although this time only once – the last album had *three* remixes and still they weren't happy with it.

"We knew you'd be expecting it so we just went in and did it!" joked Rob. "It wouldn't be a Grand Prix album if it wasn't remixed! But we feel that this one worked because we had the say. Some of John Eden's input, the ideas and arrangements, were very good, but in the end his overall picture of what we should sound like was very different from ours. The remix was the first time that we were really involved; on past albums the band didn't have much say."

"Chrysalis let us give our own interpretation of what we should sound like, whereas RCA didn't," Ralph enlarged. "As far as they were concerned it was the producer's word that counted totally, and that was very frustrating. No hard feelings against Greg Walsh, though, we were going the right way if you listen to the second album compared with the first. Who knows, if we had done the third album with him maybe it would have been another big improvement."

But along with everything else the production has changed hands, and the band have effectively been able to make a completely new start. They now prefer to reflect on current strengths rather than former fumblings.

The seemingly endless string of support dates – actually relatively few in this country, but still outnumbering their headline appearances – had them numbered as perpetual Aunt Sallies, and it's to be hoped that they won't pursue the same course again once the Maiden tour is over. It's seen them impress large numbers of potential converts, and it's crucial now that the band go out and do their own dates as soon as possible.

"Seeing UFO recently," Ralph observed, "reminded me of us in our early days; these people bustling about and getting in each other's way. It was five individuals on-stage, but what the Hagar tour did for us was teach us how to put ourselves over. We went on as one unified body and with a sense of humour too."

Rob keenly re-emphasised the value of the band's lighter approach . . .

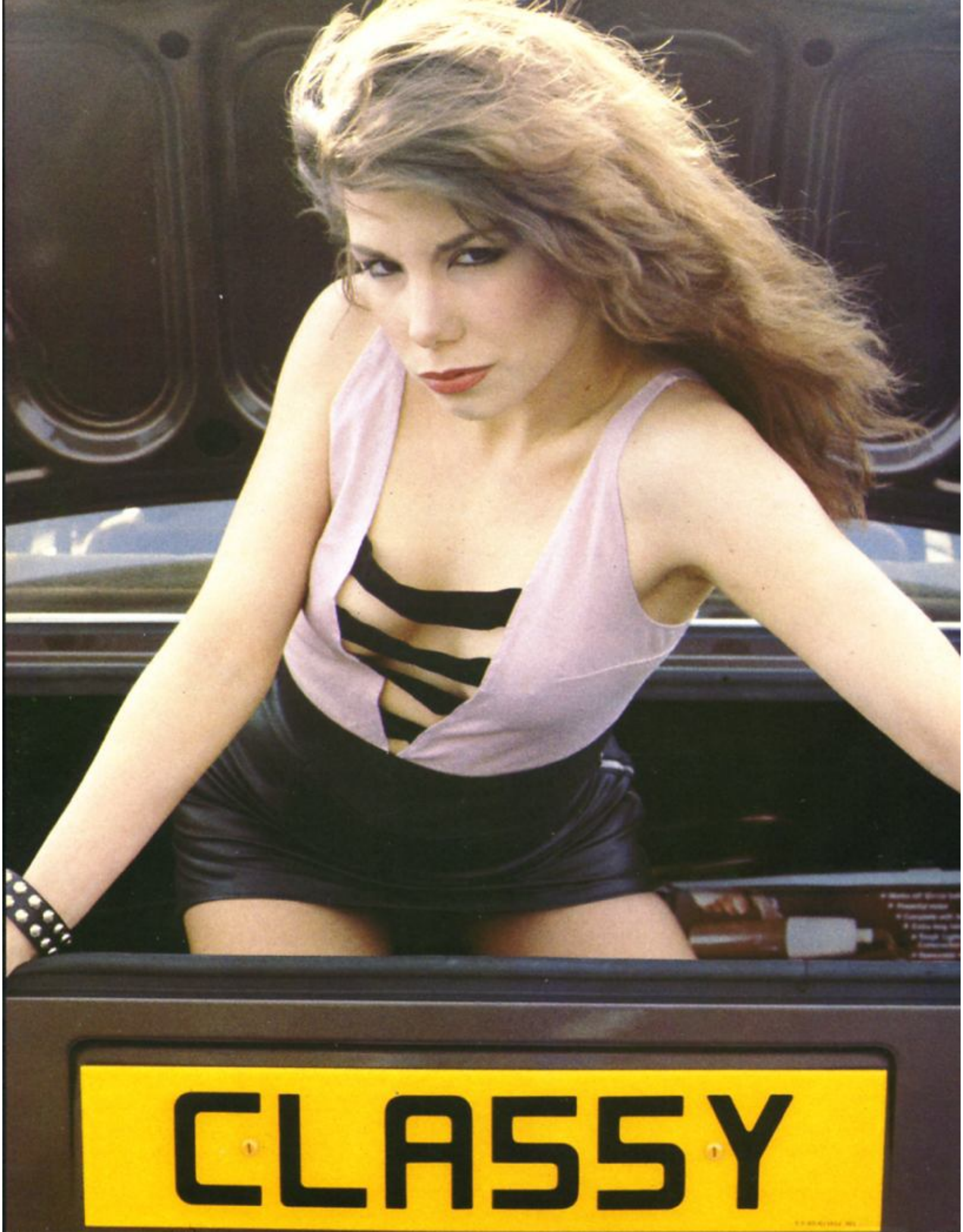
"For far too long the band has been taken too seriously. I think a lot of people who didn't know us well were put off by that serious approach. Now we treat the whole thing as a party onstage."

And Grand Prix seem to have fair reason to be cheerful right now. For starters, the Maiden tour is giving them substantial exposure, cost them nothing to buy onto, and the bands are having a great time together. Ralph Hood and Bruce Dickinson are old drinking partners, in fact – both of them potential gold medallists if beer swallowing ever becomes an Olympic event – and the atmosphere on tour has served to instil the Grand Prix camp with genuine enthusiasm, as well as an awareness of what might have been as they see others fall by the wayside.

Later in the year they aim to hit North America for the first time – Chrysalis are clearly enthusiastic about their prospects in The States. But don't let them be prophets without honour in their own land. They may have been the butt of many (deserved) journalistic jibes but not any more.

Grand Prix are not, in fact, the prix they used to be.

**PAUL SUTER**


CLASSY

# My centrefold!

## . . . and Lee Aaron delivers the musical goodies, too

ACCORDING TO the Lee Aaron philosophy of life, if something bad happens there's sure to be something good chasing its tail. A couple of weeks before her arrival in London her roadies rolled the equipment truck and cost her over two thousand dollars. Whilst nobody exactly thanked them, especially as the accident accounted for all the money saved up for her London visit, there was a feeling that maybe the trip would be the peak to follow the trough.

Sure enough it was, and at the end of a hot and sweaty triumph at the Marquee her manager was moved to suggest that it had been a major milestone in Lee's career. The thought wasn't far away that it had been a major milestone for the salivating audience too; as the valiant Howard Johnson's review of the show in the last issue concurs, the dimunitive firebrand packed more energy into 60 minutes than most bands can manage in a week, whilst never faltering in a vocal display of awesome power and control.

Potential hero-worshippers need seek no further for their elusive holy grail. Cheetah proved that the time is right for a female-fronted band to sweep the market, and would have done it themselves if they had mustered the quality to back up the interest. Lee Aaron has that quality.

But before I go any further, it's own-up time. Your esteemed talent spotter (that's me-g'day, eh?) was more than a mite involved in getting Lee Aaron over here in the first place, and might not be regarded as completely impartial, and hence hardly fit to comment on the proceedings. Indeed, I offered to keep my pen stuck firmly in my pocket, but got the green light to go ahead; quite honestly, if I didn't think Lee Aaron had proved herself at the Marquee I wouldn't be telling several thousand readers about my involvement, would I?

A collective swoon amongst the stout parties of *Kerrang!* scribes after the show means that you would be getting pretty much the same line of patter from absolutely anyone anyway, so please don't begrudge me my moment of (smug) celebration. And no, I'm not boasting, just telling the truth from the start, lest belated revelations cast doubt on my sincerity.

pic by Ray Palmer

pic by Justin Thomas

***I GOT MINE: Lemmy about to take a bite out of Lee***

So, I could give you all the details for you to scribble next to your cherished – and possibly autographed by now – *Kerrang!* centrespread of Lee Aaron. Allergic to cats, clumsy like you wouldn't believe, infatuated with Chinese food, etc, etc; or maybe I could whimper on about having to rise at 5.30 in the morning to meet the incoming flight, or staying up all night to make the flight back that was cancelled (*aargh!!*), but really all you need to know is that Lee Aaron is (*a*) a startling talent and (*b*)an incredibly warm and likeable person, with the looks of a top model (sigh) but the down to earth charm of the girl next door.

Artistic temperament doesn't come into the picture at all, and I can tell you that's a refreshing change. Her stage demeanour is totally dynamic, without losing touch with her true nature.

"When I get up onstage it's larger than life," she explains. "It's not like it's a total act and I'm being a phony, there's a wild side to me, a part of me that jumps out when I'm on-stage – it's an outlet for me, I can be that person onstage, and it's a lot of fun.

"Exhibitionism" she laughs. "Well, I wouldn't go that far, c'mon! But it *is* an outlet – 'I'm a performer, look at me!! It's not an ego thing, but I suppose it *is* a bit of a power trip!"

But to backtrack a little, it's worth pointing out that her tumultuous debut gig was born of a mere 12 hours rehearsal with a band she'd never met until shortly before the show itself. Lee Aaron's not a big name at home yet (although she's getting there, and was recently nominated for a Juno Award, Canada's equivalent of America's better known Grammies ) and was never going to be in a position to ship over her entire band.

As a result, yours truly was entrusted with the task of recruiting a band for her over here, and hit upon Manchester's fiery Sam Thunder as ideal recruits; the limited amount of time available before the gig proved nerve-wracking for all concerned.

"Of course I was worried about it, and when I got here the band treated me like I was a big star; I was really shocked because I didn't expect that kind of treatment at all.

"When we first started rehearsing they were making a million mistakes. I asked what was wrong and they told me that, to be honest, they were really nervous about meeting me. Just because I sing and I've had a lot of press for it they expected me to be stuck up, and that kind of hurt me; I suppose I can understand them thinking like that but, hey, people are people.

"I was a little worried because rehearsals weren't going that well, and I wondered how nervous they were going to get on the night. But then I thought to myself, if I was sitting in a room right now with a couple of people and was asked to sing I'd be more uptight about singing for those people than when I get up onstage, home base; and they said don't worry, it will be okay when we get up onstage ourselves.

"I had a good feeling that everything was going to fall into place. Granted they made a couple of mistakes, but I think they were really good when it counted."

Yaaay, let's hear it for Sam Thunder. *You* try working for 12 hours with the best singer you've ever heard – and a deadly good-looker too – and see how *your* nerves stand the pace when you're trying desperately hard not to let her down. Guys, I salute you!

Of course, the support she won from the audience made things a shade easier, relaxing the pressure that an uncertain reaction would have created. But then Lee Aaron *always* wins over her audiences wherever they might be, as the week's events amply demonstrated.

Walking down the street the furtive sideways glances all said 'wow – look at that!', and when a signing session at *Shades* was followed by an impromptu photo-session outside for the fans, a succession of passers-by narrowly avoided crashing into an assortment of damaging objects as their feet kept moving and their eyes stayed firmly anchored on the lovely Lee.

The photo session that produced the colour pic (left) not only had the photographer swooning at how great she was to work with (and Lee at how good Ray was to work with!), but also drew an assortment of fixed gazes from people who theoretically had things to do but somehow found that they really didn't matter anymore.

But it was the Marquee

***continues over***

pic by Chris Walter

QUIET RIOT'S Rudy Sarzo: see first item

# KONTACT

***JANICE gives you the facts!***

I AM very interested in getting hold of any **Girlschool** oldies like U.S. import albums etc. Have you any idea where I can get them.-Caroline Price, Bucknall, Shropshire.

PLEASE TELL me how I can get copies of **'Quiet Riot** I' and 'Quiet Riot II'. I had given up hope until seeing 'Quiet Riot II' in a chart.-P.B. Glasgow.

I AM writing to ask if you could supply me with any information about available albums of **Tommy Bolin's.**-Steven Lee, North Shields, Tyne & Wear.

■ **Mike Shannon at Shades Records (13/14 St. Annes Court, London W1) can usually get hold of rare and import albums and is happy to mail-order records if you can't get down to the shop. Other readers who have these difficulties should drop him a line (but don't forget the s.a.e.) as most records featured in *Kerrang!* are available from him.**

**The U.S. import of the Girlschool album 'Hit And Run' (which is a compilation of both 'Hit And Run' and 'Demolition') and 'Quiet Riot II' are both available from Shades, although at the moment 'Quiet Riot I' is not in stock but can be ordered.**

**Tommy Bolin released two solo albums entitled 'Teaser' and 'Private Eyes' and previous to his career with** Deep Purple **was with a band called** James Gang **who released 'Bang', 'Miami' and a live album. Although the James Gang albums sound rather dated they are worth buying for the few tracks that Tommy Bolin wrote and sang on and show some interesting styles that crop up later in Deep Purple songs. Luckily Mike can get hold of all these although they are quite rare.**

■ The **Hawkwind** fanzine 'Hawkfan' no. 9 is now available. This issue of 31 pages documents the group's tour in great detail with lots of pics, drawings and also a competition to win a test pressing of 'Last Chance'. The next issue no. 10 promises to be an even larger issue with a special comp. to win the 70's spacesuit, so watch out for that. Brian Tawn does a magnificent job on these mags so drop a line to him at: 29 Cordon Street, Wisbech, Cambs PE13 2LW

■ Another fanzine out this month is issue no. 2 of the **Raven** Fan Club mag. Although it's very small Raven fans will doubtlessly be interested in it's contents. Write to the Raven Fan Club at 71 High Street East, Wallsend, Tyne & Wear NE28, for details.

I LIVE near Aberdeen and couldn't get hold of *Kerrang!* issues no. 40 and 41 can you please advise me how to get copies as I have issues 1-39 in binders.-Denise, Portlethen, Scotland.

I HAVE problems in buying copies of *Kerrang!* Do you send *Kerrang!* by post straight to customers?-Eric, Chester.

■ **The best idea for those who have trouble getting regular copies of *Kerrang!* is to pay for a subscription, which ensures that you receive every copy direct to you from our company. Send an s.a.e. to the Subscriptions Dept., Morgan Grampian, 30 Calderwood Street, London SE18.**

**However, if you only need the odd missed copy then write to the Single Copies Dept at the same address, sending £1 for each copy required. (Early copies are not available any more unfortunately: all issues up to no. 27 are sold out but numbers after that are still in stock except no. 30.)**

AFTER SEEING the **Kiss** Special in *Kerrang!* No. 41, I was wondering if you could find out what make is **Gene Simmons'** axe bass, and tell me the address of the manufacturers because I have just begun collecting guitars.-Paul Charlesworth, Monk Bretton, Barnsley, S. Yorks.

■ **Gene Simmon's bass was made for him by a company called Kramer (who also supply guitars to Eddie Van Halen) who are based in New Jersey, USA. Their representative in the UK is, Andy Mumford, 54 Widemoore, Walsall, Staffs. He should be able to advise you if it is possible to obtain another axe bass.**

COULD YOU please print the address of the official **Mamas Boys** Fan Club.-A dedicated Mamas Boys fan, Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

■ **At present there is no official fan club but their Record Company is happy to deal with any questions you may have. Write with an s.a.e. to: Albion Records, 119-121 Freston Road, London W11.**

I'VE BEEN a **Twisted Sister** fan since 'Ruff Cutts' and want to join the fan club and get a card, I can't get to their gigs because I'm only 14.-From a SMFF of TS.

■ **A lot of people seem to have missed out on the Twisted Sister credit card issued with the 12" 'I Am I'm Me' which entitles the holder to discounts on merchandise and tickets for shows. Cards are still available to those joining the newly-formed fan club which I'm sure is good news to all fans. The Membership costs £4 a year from: SMF Friends of TS, c/o 86 Victoria Mansions, London SW8 1QU.**

**Some readers may have already returned their credit cards to the club for reduced membership: if you haven't heard yet then don't worry they've got a lot to get through, but you'll hear eventually.**

# LEE AARON

***From previous page***

audience that was the important one, and Lee confessed to no small amount of nerves about how she was going to be received. After all, she has no record deal and the only exposure she's had over here has been that somewhat salacious *Kerrang!* centrespread that didn't exactly say a great deal about what she actually sounded like.

"I was expecting a really critical audience because of that thing in *Kerrang!*: okay, she looks deadly, but can she sing? But it wasn't like that at all, it was like they'd accepted me already.

"It was like they thought of me as a star from another country, but when I play Toronto it's so different. They've seen me before and it's like 'our little girl from Toronto', a different, more personal atmosphere.

"But then again I try to relate personally to every audience, and I really meant it when I said onstage: *'you people are all so friendly and you make me feel so welcome that I don't feel like I've left home at all'*. I even had them singing along, they were a great crowd, and I'd been expecting a load of assholes at the front of the stage going: 'hey baby, show us your tits'. But I didn't even get that, it was like a bunch of regular guys who actually idolised me.

"It was really weird. When guys are going crazy and trying to touch you onstage you really need to worry about your ego getting the best of you, but I always think they should see me in the morning after a long night of partying. They love *that*???"

No, Lee Aaron's not perfect – unless being self-effacingly honest qualifies her. Stars have poise and elegance, and never put a foot wrong; but Lee's perfectly normal – in fact, in her own words, she's a 'klutz'. In the course of her stay she managed to spill more alcohol than she drank, or so it seemed, and only narrowly avoided a succession of more drastic disasters. An all-night jam session with Jody Turner and Denise Dufort actually elapsed accident free, but par for the course would probably have involved knocking over the drumkit or dropping a guitar.

"I'm clumsier than all hell! It's always when I'm trying not to be – I've done some real bad things onstage. One time I was playing and near the end of the song I decided to do this little run across the stage. My feet came right out from under me and I fell flat on my ass, *everyone* in the audience was laughing. I felt totally foolish, but they know me back home, they know I'm like that, and really got off on it – Lee did it again!"

**PAUL SUTER**

# Johnny comes lurching home . . .

MOST OF the stories you've heard about Johnny Thunders are probably true; the tales of excessive indulgence in dangerous narcotics of every shape, size and description, the total inability to stand straight enough onstage to play guitar let alone sing . . . Johnny Thunders is a living legend, although even the 'living' term was called into doubt a while ago when stories abounded in the music press proclaiming Thunders' demise after threatening to kick the bucket for so many years.

So Thunders was gone . . . Well, no. He hadn't quite finished yet, hadn't taken his last curtain call, and promptly started breathing again. Was this all just another wind-up? Apparently not. Thunders wasn't kidding this time and had actually turned blue on a New York hospital slab and clinically 'died'. OD'd on something or other, but then thought better of the idea. So here we are, with all the prospect of a return to former glories, in the very heart of Paris . . .

Johnny Thunders, for those of you not in the know, once played guitar in a band called The New York Dolls, a Glam/Trash outfit liberally daubed with make-up whose stack-heels put Kiss to shame. At the time he possessed "the largest supply of hair in rock history" and also played some of the meanest guitar.

When Thunders split from the Dolls after the prophetically titled 'Too Much Too Soon' LP the hair went but the guitar playing stayed along for the ride. Thunders stole Dolls' drummer Jerry Nolan (a man also subject to various 'deceased' reports!) and formed The Heartbreakers with Richard Hell (of the Voidoids) on bass. Hell, however, was soon given his marching orders and in came Billy Rath along with rhythm guitarist Walture Lure.

Eventually Thunders landed up in Britain playing on the same bill as such notables as Wayne County and Cherry Vanilla (remember her?) and scored a deal with Track Records. 'L.A.M.F.' was the resulting opus, generally receiving the thumbs down due to a diabolical mix.

The Heartbreakers split despite their fanatical following, particularly in New York, and Thunders went on to gain himself a solo deal with Real Records for whom he delivered the classic 'So Alone' album, noteworthy for the fact that the title track didn't make it onto the record. Featured guests included Phil Lynott, Steve Marriott, Chrissie Hynde from The Pretenders and an assortment of The Only Ones.

Thunders gigged around London with the All Stars, an occasional band that for one gig boasted Jimmy Bain and Brian Robertson amongst their number.

Thunders then returned to New York for a series of Heartbreakers' reunions that seemed to go on forever before coming back to Europe last year to play some disastrous gigs. He was deported from Sweden under a cloud of disgrace and came to London to play a number of club dates alongside Nolan (again), Tony James (formerly of Generation X), and Steve New (from The Rich Kids). Thunders was not at his healthiest, however, and would often have to be propped up against his amps in order to perform at all.

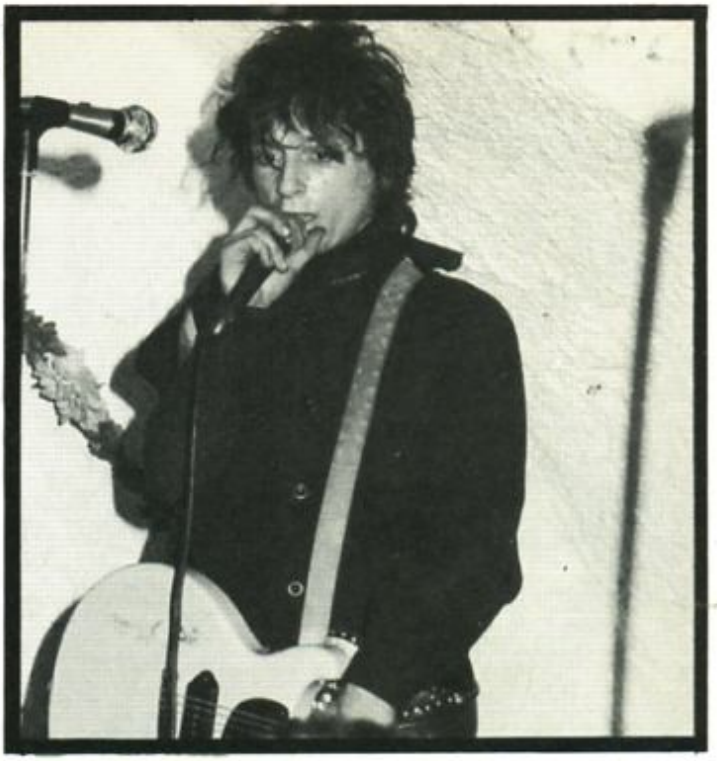
Returning to New York he went into the studios with former Stones/Motorhead producer Jimmy Miller to cut some rough demos which recently emerged on a French import album called 'In Cold Blood', though the tracks were never intended for release.

And then came the stories that the guitarist had struck his final chord, but these reports turned out to be a little premature. Johnny Thunders had, in fact, recalled Jerry Nolan and Billy Rath to the fold (significantly enough Walter Lure was NOT asked to rejoin) alongside French guitarist Henri Paul, who'd first played with Thunders back in his heady Speakeasy days of 1977, and was suddenly back in the limelight, playing gigs in Paris. Which is where Nick Kemp and I found him. . .

"So you're Nick and you're Dave, huh? Hi, I'm Johnny". The figure lying sprawled and fully clothes on the hotel bed before us is exactly as I'd pictured him; ruffled hair and dark, sunken eyes surrounded by a leathery tautness of pallid, puckered skin. He leans over and clasps a bottle of something that is then pressed to his pale lips. So this is Johnny Thunders.

Thunders is now managed by an archetypal technocrat called Christopher Gierke who takes us to his room and outlines 'the new Johnny Thunders' persona. I express some fears about the man's health and his ability to converse properly when in he walks and has the message relayed to his face. He shrugs nonchalantly: "Nothing plastic surgery couldn't handle," he quips, and then: "I'm from Mars." He fiddles with his hair. My brain reels in confusion.

Now that New York has found a new set of heroes to populate its sleazier joints, Thunders has decided to take up residence in Paris where he is equally revered and can maintain the lifestyle to which he has become accustomed. In short, Johnny Thunders is in his element. The Gibus Club, the scene of his three-night stand, doesn't close till 5.00am or later and on the last night he didn't come onstage till 3:30! So after the introductions are complete we set off in search of a drink and some rock'n'roll.



**JOHNNY THUNDERS: a legend in his own lunchtime**

At about 1:30 my eyelids are becoming heavy and sleep seems eminently desirable, when suddenly there he is onstage, live before my very drooping eyes. And the tension is electric, almost unbearable. Thunders crashes out the opening chords to 'Pipeline', his anthem, and my whole body becomes charged, rigid with excitement.

This supposed junkie is running backwards across the stage on his heels playing the most amazing guitar solo I've ever heard. Never, in all my days of watching guitarists, have I seen one to match this man for speed and sheer unharnessed mayhem. This is what 'presence' is all about.

"You see," he commented, "I ain't no musician, I'm an entertainer!" And who am I to argue with that?

The gigs are pure rock'n'roll, staggering in their size and scope, like a dream come true. This is like nothing either of us had seen before. Blink! And, my God, this is reality, only better.

To *interview* Johnny Thunders in the normal sense of the word is impossible. You simply have to talk to him and commit as much of the conversation as possible to memory. That the pair of us actually managed to corner him at all, I suspect, was largely due to the intervention on our behalf of Billy Rath, the amiable, long-suffering bass player.

So, how is Johnny Thunders these days? Well, more together, happier and more dedicated than he has been for some years. The wasted Keef Richards style of behaviour is exaggerated a great deal because it enables him to get what he wants without too much effort. He is a great *leaner* who will always choose the path of least resistance.

He also has very short legs. I noticed this one evening as I walked along with Billy Rath to the club, watching Thunders waddle his way in front. But something in his attitude has changed now. "Listen," he said, a streak of grim determination flickering across his face, "I'm serious about working now. I haven't made a proper album since 'So Alone' and that was five years ago."

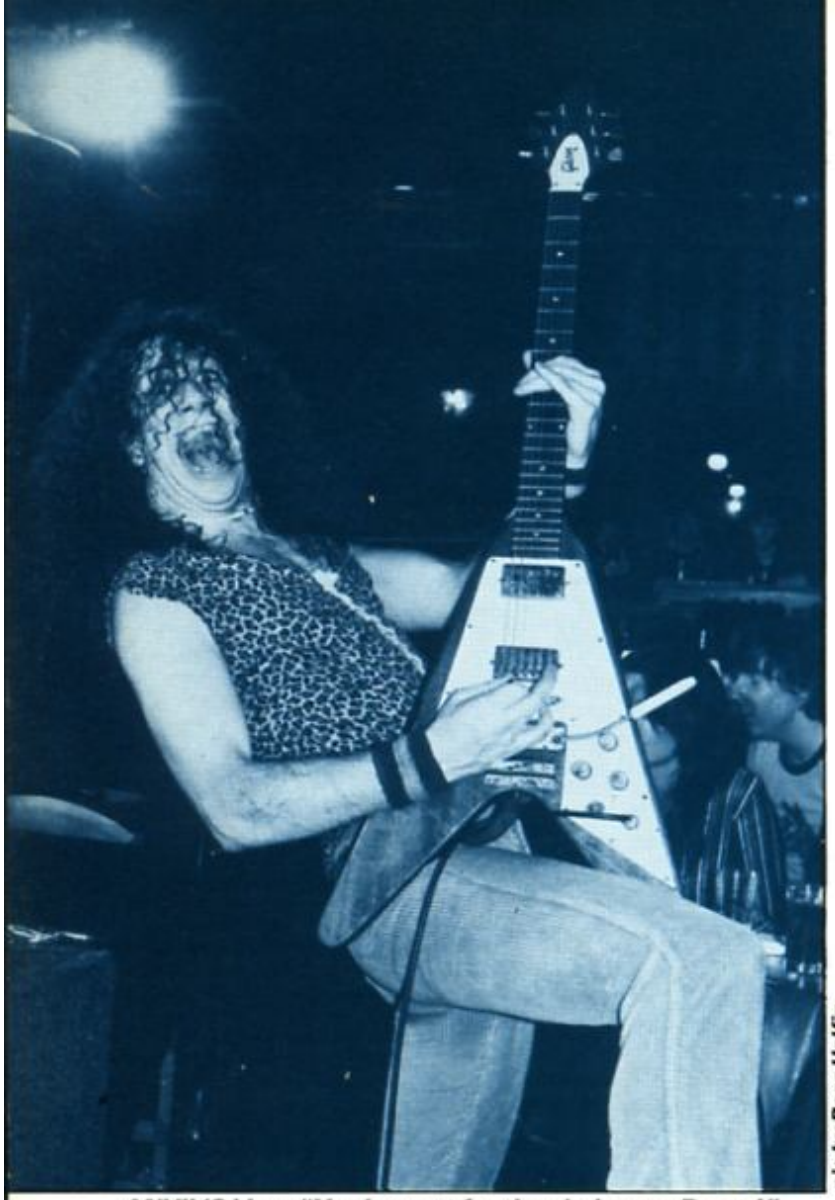
The plan, having now assembled himself a stable, working band, is to establish a European base in Paris from which they can tour and work on a new studio album around September. Somewhere along the line UK dates are to be scheduled, maybe just a one-off at London's Venue, but hopefully, a major deal permitting, an extensive tour.

However much Thunders denies it, I can't help but perceive a lot of his outward characterisation as sham. He *is* a very good actor, both onstage and off, with more than a hint of the mischievous schoolboy about him. He is far more aware of what is going on around him than he cares to let on and, I dare say, is rarely as out of it as he pretends.

Johnny Thunders would appear to have pretty much everything he wants at present. But what is even more pleasing is that the hunger for success has been rekindled, the desire to prove that he is more than just wrapped up in all that 'junkie business', that there is an artist in there somewhere aching to get out.

The man is a fine lyricist, a superb guitarist and a magnificent entertainer whatever anybody says about him. And you can take it from me, Johnny Thunders is back, and this time he means business.

**DAVE DICKSON**



pic by Ross Halfin

**ANVIL'S Lips: "You're next for the chainsaw, Dome!"**

# ALBUMS

# Dio, mon Dieu!

**DIO**
**'Holy Diver'**
**(Vertigo VERS 5)**

IN WHICH Ronnie James Dio gets the chance to exercise his sizeable ego to the full; in which a new guitar hero is almost discovered; and in which Jimmy Bain at last finds some worthwhile regular employment.

I always thought RJD was a rather wasted talent in Black Sabbath (hold the letters page, guys!!), and what with both he *and* Ritchie Blackmore vying for first place in the queue when the egos were being handed out Rainbow obviously wasn't the right vehicle for him either. But, being the sharp, shrewd, resourceful and ambitious businessman I suspect Mr Dio to be, he manoeuvred to utilise both bands to his own ends for all they were worth (that sounds like a pejorative, but it isn't meant to, I admire the little bastard), made himself a name and then fled the rapidly sinking ships for pastures greener. Rainbow turned to Graham Bonnet (with predictable results) while Ronnie donned a crucifix and practised singing 'Paranoid' (which must have taken him all of 12 minutes to memorise).

But just when it looked like Sabbaff were transforming themselves into a good band Ronnie snuck off and started writing his own album – exit Ronnie leaving Tony and Geezer, the well known moustaches, to recruit old fart Ian Gillan who'd scuppered his own boat while manager Phil Banfield *really was* negotiating the Deep Purple reunion (unbeknownst to the rest of Gillan, however). When that particular deal fell through at the last minute IG's voice made a miraculous recovery overnight as he suddenly found himself needing new employment. Now he's rehearsing 'Iron Man' between pints. Such are the twists and turns in the everyday circus we call rock 'n' roll. But what of Ronnie?

Ah yes, Ronnie James Dio. Well, what Ronnie did was get together with former Rainbow workmate Jimmy Bain and ex-Sabbath drummer Vinnie Appice and, at Bain's suggestion, Ulsterman guitarist Vivian Campbell, go into LA's Sound City studio and emerge with an album so magnificent, so devastating and so utterly brilliant his former employers may feel tempted to go home and break their guitar strings when they catch an earful of the mega-wonderfulness that is the DIO debut album.

RJD always had a penchant for the grandiose and the gothic and the title track on side one and 'Rainbow In The Dark' (and to all pseudo-psychoanalysts out there, this is where you come in!) on the flip, the album's two out-and-out classics, give Ronnie full vent. Believe me, the wait was worth it. The only real bummer is 'Gypsy', and even that is pretty good. Let's face it, eight gems out of a possible nine ain't bad in anybody's book.

Campbell's star is never really allowed the chance to shine to its full and obvious potential, but we mustn't forget who's paying the bills this time round; and *that* voice soars, lifts and bounds and generally fulfils all the promise it showed on 'Rainbow Rising' and 'On Stage'. On the strength of this platter this band is going to be just unharnessed excellence when they get around to playing here live. Personally, I can't wait.

This is great, triffic, brilliant, superb, the best Metal album release of the year thus far and it's going to take a Helluva lot of beating. Ronnie James Dio is back and has thrown down the gauntlet and set the standard by which all the other HM albums of 1983 are going to have to be judged. Be interesting to see if anyone comes close.

DAVE DICKSON

**ANVIL**
**'Forged In Fire'**
**(Attic LAT 1170)**

SO, after all the rhetoric, here comes the vinyl truth. Anvil's third album – forged in fire or hewn from ashes? Well, to tell the truth, having played this opus through on a couple of occasions, I was coming round to the viewpoint that whilst this was certainly better on wax than it had been on that fabled early cassette copy, nonetheless it was merely a solid LP rather than a killer.

There can be no doubting that the lunatics have traded in their chainsaws for the cudgels of Manowar-style barbarians, even if much of their lyrical content still reeks of sweaty bed-room indulgences (ahem!). The music is considerably more measured, with an altogether greater emphasis being placed on developing a steady power. And when this album gets into top-gear, it really uncorks the hot lava. 'Future Wars', 'Butter Bust Jerky', and 'Winged Assassin' are amongst the finest moments yet from this Toronto tornado. But . . . equally, when 'FIF' sucks, it sucks an almighty big one. 'I'll Make It All Up To You' (despite its rollicking intro) is a near-twee love song whilst the title track itself (as you've doubtless heard on last issue's free flexi) is a ponderous, Neanderthal piece of drab-arama, all belch and little roar.

Somehow this dichotomy between kranked-up volcanic eruptions and flickering embers seemed thoroughly mystifying. How could a band THIS GOOD ride the entire gamut from zenith to nadir in the course of less than 40 minutes? And on the third spin, the reality dawned on me. This *is* a tremendous album that has been atrociously handled, production-wise. You see, that well-known Greek shipping 'magnet' Chris Tsangarides has shown himself to be fine when the needle is in the gross-out groove. But give him a slightly more thoughtful or demanding job to do, such as pushing up the dementia quotient when he's not got the back-up of blurring bludgeon behind him, and he goes to pieces. Thus, as soon as the pace here drops, so too does the standard of the song in question.

It's all there, of course, lurking deep down in the mix and waiting to strike. It needs someone with a little more idea of what is called for, to take charge of the master-tapes and spend a couple of intensive days merely re-vamping the sound on tracks like 'I'll Make It Up . . .', 'Forged In Fire', and 'Never Deceive Me' into a more acceptable form.

Happily, this now looks like happening. The US release of 'FIF' will apparently boast a spanking new mix, with possibly the replacement of the weaker cuts here in by material from the previously unreleased (Stateside, that is) 'Metal On Metal'. Now, that sounds like it will be a rousing jouster. However, as things stand, unless you've expensive facilities to drastically alter the quality of certain songs, 'Forged In Fire' remains an ante-post favourite in the 'Decibel Derby' who hasn't performed to expectation.

MALCOLM DOME

**THE TUBES**
**'Outside Inside'**
**(Capitol EST 12260)**

I'VE ALWAYS had a soft spot for the Toobs. Their originality and at times quite breathtaking musicianship has always impressed these 'King Lears'. While this ain't exactly a metal album it must be said there *are* moments of pur AOR mayhem; and yes, the Toobs still enjoy taking the piss!

Mind you they certainly have cleaned up their 'live' show and that's unforgivable. Maybe Fee's ankles were beginning to ache in those Wrathchild-style boots? 'Inside Outside' is a natural progression from last year's smouldering debut for Capitol, the highly entertaining 'Completion Backwards Principle'. Kicking off in grand style with 'She's A Beauty', one can't help but notice that there are some session musicians floating around in the background: and I read somewhere that Toto were giving up playing on other folks albums! Still Steve Lukather, Bobby Kimball, David Paich and Steve Porcaro give the toon that extra bite.

The main plot of 'O.I' seems to be based around afro-rhythms funked up with Toobs humour. 'Wild Women of Wongo' and 'Drums' are both very clever send ups on the Talking Heads. Whether this was intentional or not I can't say; but only the Toobs could get away with it. My own fave on this flawless platter, is 'Out of Business', which starts off with some fine riffing guitars and then Fee comes in with a luvly line of banter, and I quote – *'Hey buddy, how 'bout a smoke/I'm down on my luck/at the end of my rope/I feel pretty rough/I just got the sack/I've had it up to here, with three button whores/I don't regret that I'm walking out the door.'*

Yep folks San Francisco's last hip(py) band are still very much in business, and along with Journey and the 49ers should do well again this year.

XAVIER RUSSELL

**RAVEN**
**'All For One'**
**(Neat)**

IT'S A SHAME that this isn't 1979, 'cos the collective Raven footwear is firmly embedded in that musical time zone. Blasting forth with a collectors' fervour for stockpiling riff-upon-riff-upon-solo-upon-solo was the stuff that mayhem dreams were made of during those heady days. But as fans grew up, they thought a little more, matured somewhat and started to look for (gulp!) sophistication in their music. They didn't want an overall dissipation of power and basic energy, but they were looking for muscle AND melody for class. In short kids wanted variety. You don't believe me? Well, musical blinkers are being shed slowly but surely, and class rock 'n' roll is stronger than it's ever been in the UK – the album charts prove it!

Raven now stand as a duck without water. They have their deals, but wild winds are blowing, times have changed and they sound committed but hopelessly lost. The Raven call to arms is 'Athletic Rock' and that's a fair description of the band's stance, but I was only ever good for 100 metres, long distance treks were never my scene! 'Don't Need Your Money', the band's first single remains an absolute gem of three-minute dementia, but Raven LPs have always paled immeasurably after an initial explosion. The same is true of 'All For One' despite it's more mid-paced (only in Raven's book) approach and superior production.

A week-end's constant crushing has resulted in a discerning blur of screaming vocals, smashing axes, and wild, wild drums, but very little at all which will last. Only 'Take Control' and 'Run Silent, Run Deep' grip on to your mind as anything remotely approaching 'enthralling'. There's very little mroe that is worth mentioning specifically and all that remains with me is a huge admiration for its passion but also a distinct emptiness which the best music always fills.

Raven have a number called 'Mind Over Metal' which sums up what I'd like to hear – above all, songs with thought behind them, but songs played powerfully because that's the only way to do it. One without the other simply can't cut it.

HOWARD JOHNSON

**GRAND PRIX**
**'Samurai'**
**(Chrysalis CHR 1430)**

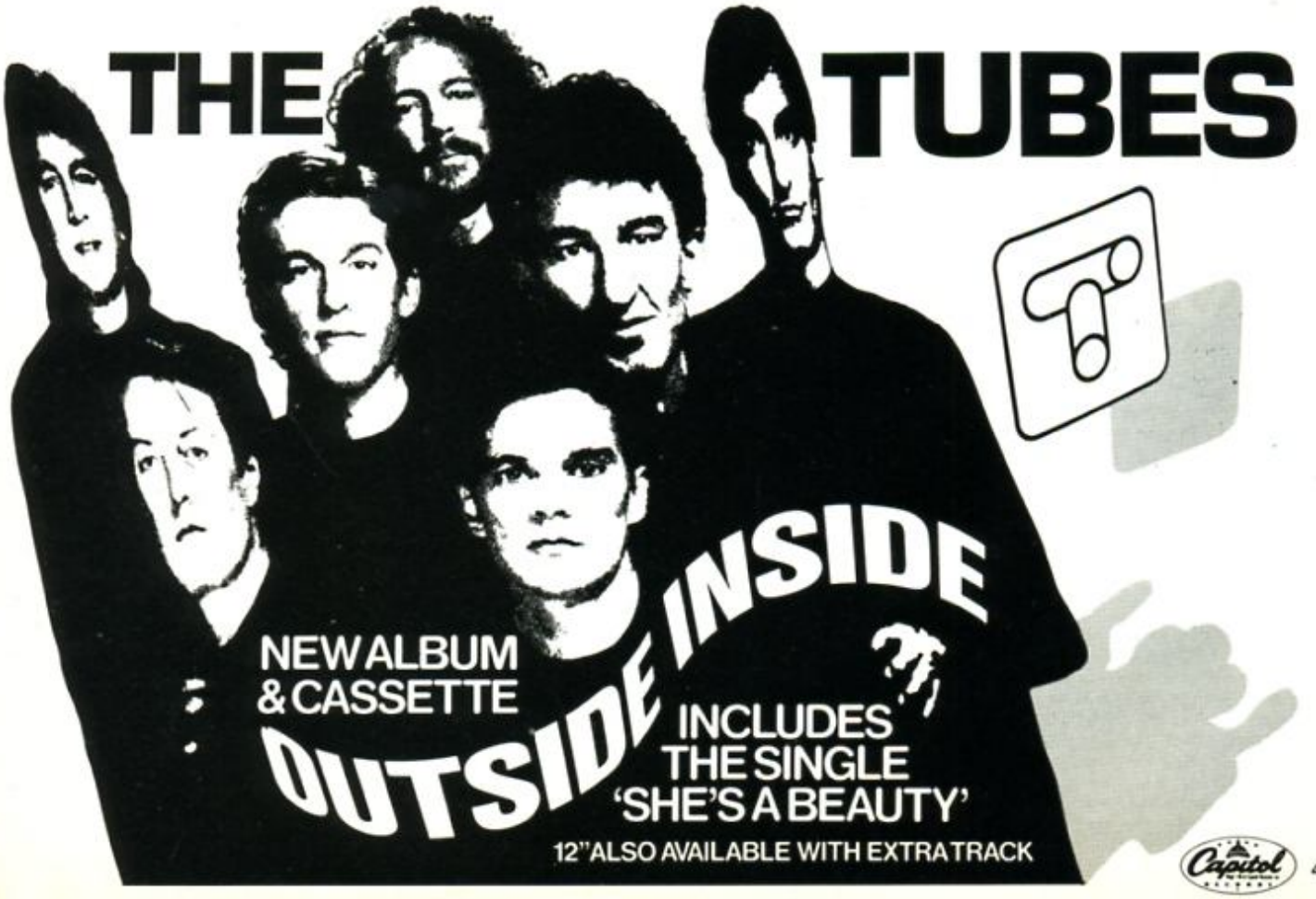
GRAND PRIX began life as an attempt to be a ballsy Styx – wasn't someone forgetting JY? – but have now developed a cultured style that's very much their own, with lots of mid-range warmth replacing the more normal, toppier, approach. Rob McAuley's voice fits in perfectly, whereas Bernie Shaw's higher pitch just didn't suit what the band were heading towards.

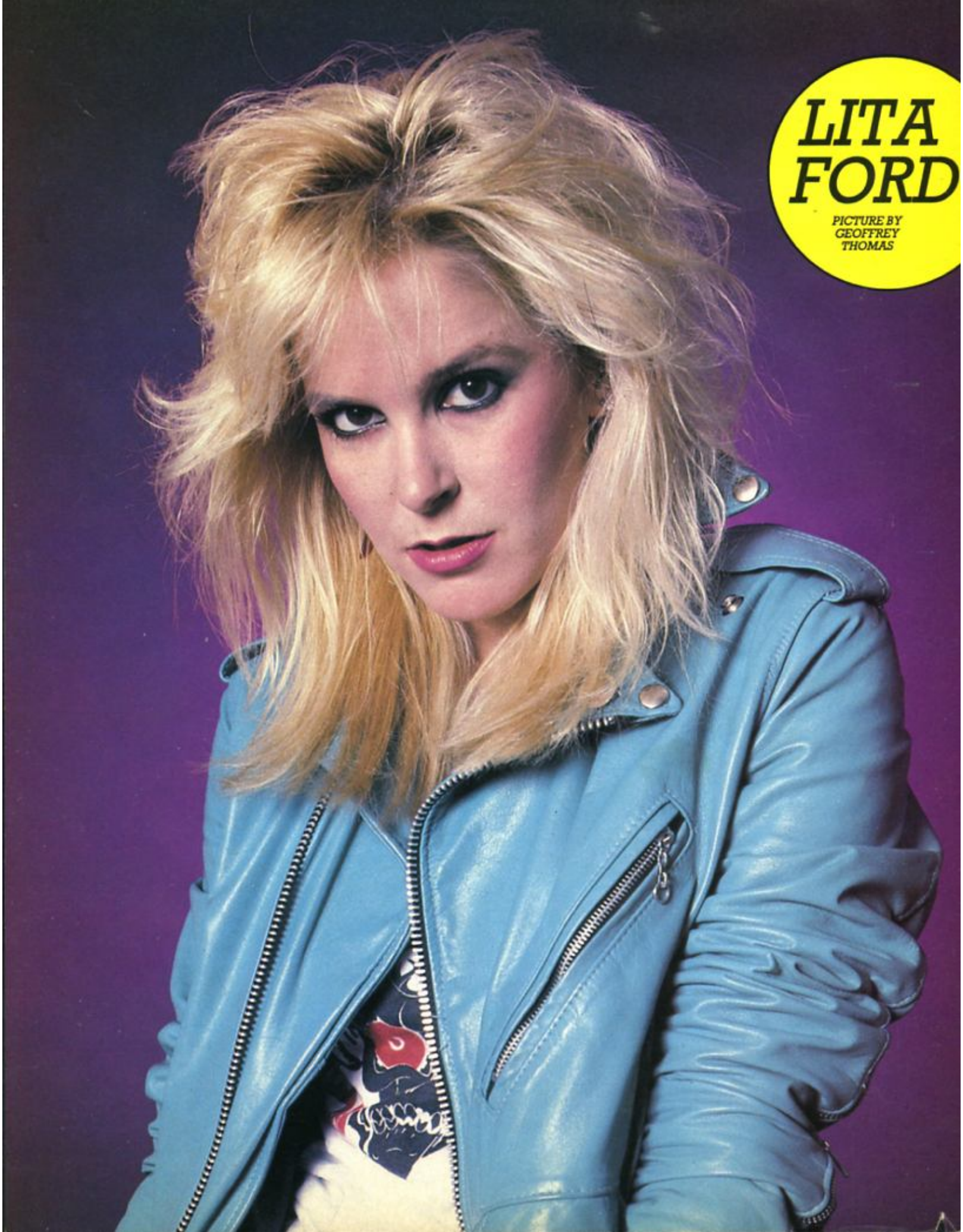
As a powerful rock guitarist Michael O'Donoghue has now come into his own – he always seemed such an effete player before – and when laid against Phil Lanzon's spirited (although sometimes rather dated) keyboards the blend is complete. On this album the collective decision to let rip, with drummer Andy Beirne really giving it some stick, has yielded some magnificent moments of high-octane drama, and although a couple of tracks still have question-marks against them – 'Never Before' and 'Freedom' seem to marginally miss the mark – it's difficult to resist 'Samurai's allure.

The band's collective ear for effective light and shade gives birth to some of the album's best moments, notably with the gorgeous, toe curling tranquility of 'Fifty Fifty' before it lurches into a moody drive, peaking on a memorable hook. Similarly 'High Time' opens in light and plaintive mood before blasting into a rich, roaring lope fractured by the magnificent exuberant flash of its hook, and the closing quasi-epic title track exhibits a series of attractive facets as it runs its course from its orientally flavoured opening to the muscularly energetic rock-powered peak.

With this album Grand Prix are in a strong position to make their mark seriously for the first time; their sound is strongly individualistic and their attack is universally attractive to anyone interested in multi-decibel rock power – just ask the Maiden audiences! Now's the time to start taking them seriously.

PAUL SUTER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